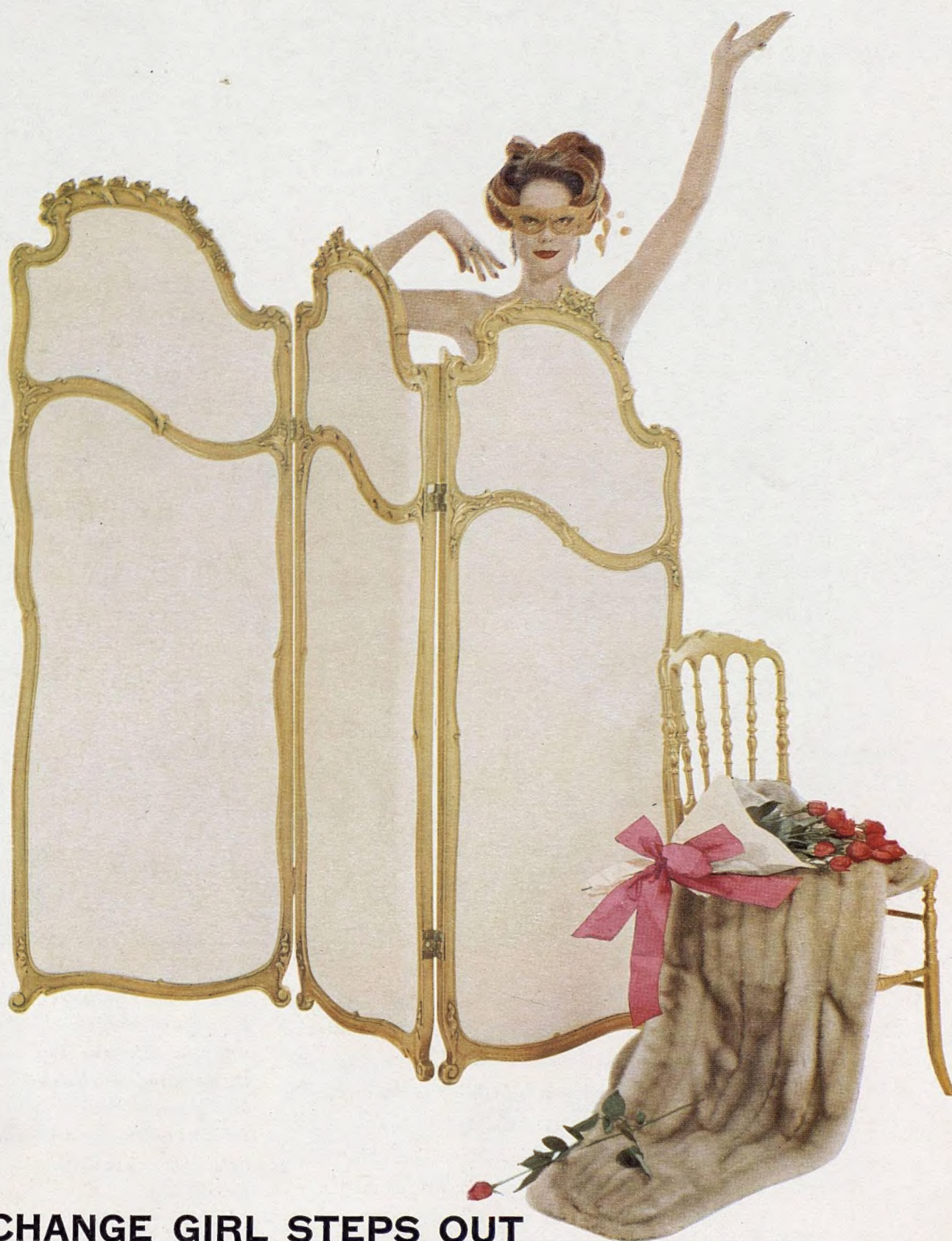




THE

# Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 2 Mar. 1960



THE ALL-CHANGE GIRL STEPS OUT

*The French and Italian collections collected*





This is the year in which Sanderson attain their hundredth birthday. What began as one small warehouse is now an enterprise influencing ways of living all around the world. Appropriately, this is also the year in which Sanderson open their new headquarters in Berners Street, London. This fine building houses a permanent and ever-changing exhibition of ideas in decoration and provides perfect conditions for choosing wallpapers, paints and fabrics.

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LTD., BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.1

*Here is John Piper's sketch for the great panel of stained glass which will greet visitors as they enter the new Sanderson building. This important work by one of Britain's foremost artists was commissioned to symbolise Sanderson's close association with the fine arts.*



## GOING PLACES compiled by John Mann

THE wraps are off the fashion collections from Paris and Florence, and the first pictures appear in this week's COVER FEATURE. It begins on page 384, where Maureen Williamson (The TATLER's fashion editor) asks: *Couture or Carbon Copy?* and introduces some of the people who do the designing.

*Spoilsports!* on pages 372-5, picks up the theme from a telling phrase of Prince Philip's and illustrates what (or rather, whom) the wind of change is up against in Britain. . . . Lord Kilbracken, too, has a spoilsport tale. His skiing was cut short, as he describes in *Kitzbühel*, where Tom Hustler also photographed some British holidaymakers (pages 382-3). . . . On a more workaday theme, Alan Vines has portrayed the busy life of Lady Albemarle (of the Teenagers Report) on pages 397-9, and the King & Queen of Greece are shown (page 400) performing their engaging custom of giving dowries to brides. . . .

Another new contributor: Albert Adair (page 406), who will write an occasional *Collector's Commentary* on antiques. And Alan Roberts, artist and critic, who is reviewing theatre during the illness of Anthony Cookman, will shortly begin a regular Verdict on the galleries.

*Next week:* The rage for the Orient. . . .

*P.S.:* "I have taken it for 20 years. . . . Never have I read anything so unutterably tedious. . . ." Arthur S. Standley, Hove 4; " . . . My nephew has ordered it for a year as a present. I couldn't have had anything I like more. . . ." Mrs. S. Cameron, Coltishall, Norfolk.

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET  
ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFalgar 7020)

**SPORT** Rugby: Royal Navy v. Army, Twickenham, 5 March.

Racing: National Hunt Gold Cup meeting, Cheltenham, 8-10 March.

Point-to-Points: Sparkford Vale Harriers, Cambridge University (Cottingham), Waveney Valley (Bawdeswell), Beaufort, 5 March. R.A. Salisbury Plain (Larkhill), Household Brigade Saddle Club (Crowell, Oxon), Suffolk Foxhounds (Moulton), South Staffs, 12 March.

**MUSICAL** Covent Garden Opera. *La Bohème*, 7.30 p.m., 10 March, *Aida* 7 p.m., 16 March (first performances of season). (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. Jazz At The Philharmonic, with Ella Fitzgerald, 6 & 8.45 p.m. (WAT. 3191.)

Chopin recital by Fou Ts'ong, 3 p.m., 6 March. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Don Pasquale*, 7.30 p.m., 3 March, *Fidelio*, 7.30 p.m., 9 March (first performances of season). (TER 1672/3.)

**ART** Royal Academy Winter Exhibition: "Italian Art & Britain," Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 6 March.

City of London Art Exhibition, Guildhall Art Gallery, E.C.2, Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. To 5 March.

Homage to Matthew Smith, loan exhibition from private collections, Arthur Tooth & Sons, 13 Bruton St. (catalogues in aid of Imperial Cancer Research Fund). To 12 March.

Paintings by boys & girls of the Pestalozzi Children's Villages, Leicester Square Theatre. From 1 p.m. weekdays, 4.30 p.m. Sundays. To end of March.

**EXHIBITION** "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia. To 26 March.

**SOCIAL EVENTS** Traveller's Club Ball, 23 March. Tickets, 6 gns. from members of the committee and club.

Gliding Ball, Grosvenor House, 11 March.

The Cardinal's Ball, St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, 4 March.

**HUNT BALLS** R.A. (Salisbury Plain), in the R.A. Mess, School of Artillery, Larkhill, 11 March.

**FILM SEASON** Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, Season of Ingmar Bergman films. *Summer With Monika*, 7-13 March; *Sawdust & Tinsel*, 14-20 March.

**FIRST NIGHTS** Savoy Theatre. *Phèdre*, 7 March; *Bérénice*, 10 March.

Phoenix Theatre. *A Majority Of One*. 9 March.

Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. *The Dancing Heiress*. 15 March.

**THEATRE** From Verdicts by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 402.

The Aspern Papers "... an evening of rare and curious pleasures . . . holds the audience from start to finish." Michael Redgrave, Flora Robson, Beatrix Lehmann. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166.)

West Side Story "... High dramatic moments . . . music and dancing are most happily integrated." Marlys Watters, Don McKay, George Chakiris. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606.)

H A R O



**CINEMA** From Verdicts by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 403.

G.R. = General release.

Sink The Bismarck! "... admirably scripted, directed and acted . . . mounting excitement, effectively sustained to the end." Kenneth More, Dana Wynter, Esmond Knight. (Odeon, Leicester Square, WHI 6111.)

Two-Way Stretch. "... a jolly comedy, briskly directed . . . the whole thing is so ingenious that you will find yourself hoping that, just for once, crime will pay." Peter Sellers, David Lodge, Wilfrid Hyde White, Bernard Cribbins. G.R.



GOING PLACES *continued*

## Weekend in Amsterdam

by DOONE BEAL



**T**HIS is capital city season. A time when, either for Easter or before, one has the itch to get away. Though still too early for most beaches, there is enough sunshine to make city-ambling a pleasure and galleries and churches less hard on the feet than in high summer. Perhaps most important of all, it is a time when a city is full of its own inhabitants, and not a vast international wasteland of tourists.

Amsterdam, one hour and a delicious meal away by K.L.M., fulfils long-weekend requirements admirably. Cheap to reach (£16 12s. tourist air return or 12 gns. tourist night flight), reasonable to stay in (apart from the more expensive *Amstel*, the general run of hotels averages 30s. a night for room, breakfast and private bath). A handful of first-class restaurants, myriad cafés, intimate, old-fashioned coffee shops, and an unchartable number and variety of bars.

The canals are bordered by trees, by broad, cobbled pavements and patrician houses whose mellow monotones of shape are etched against the huge skyscape. One comes upon peculiar enchantments—a great, decorated barrel organ on a street corner, a market barge full of flowers moored beside a bridge, windblown squares, secretive alleys (one such, just off Dam Square, contains an old tavern, the *Crowned Wild Man*, where they fill the glasses so full that traditionally you must take the first sip in a deep bow from the counter). It is worth, for once, conceding the point that you are a plain tourist and taking the comfortable glass-topped sight-seeing boat on its hour-long trip through some canals and out into the harbour—a restful and rewarding way to get your city bearings.

Trams and a prodigious number of bicycles are other features of a city full of character and quite unlike any other that I know (certainly not Venice, for all the canals). It has the Concertgebouw

concert hall and orchestra, the picturesque open air antique market in Waterloo Plein to pick through, the wonderful Rijksmuseum and Rembrandt's house, the Van Goghs and other Impressionists in the Stedelijk Museum, the Mint Tower, in the oldest part of the city, the Portuguese Synagogue and the 16th-century Begijnhof Almshouses, reached by a narrow wooden door in the wall off the busy thoroughfare of Spui Street. Here, apart from the gabled houses, are both a Catholic and a Protestant Church.

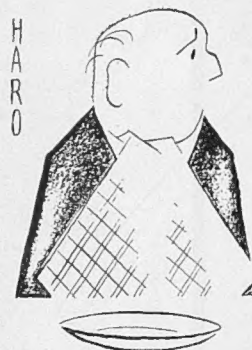
It is spiritually a far cry from this peaceful and slightly Puritan oasis to the canals and little streets leading from behind Dam Square towards Zeedijk and the docks. This beautiful part of the old town cannot be ignored at any time, but at night it is a revelation. Behind the open, pinkly-lit windows sit the ladies of the town, in an attitude of what I can only call alert composure, looking for all the world as though they were posing for knitting patterns. (Some of them, indeed, *do* knit to pass the time—the Dutch passion for domesticity permeates all levels.) In Warmoesstraat and Binnem Bantammerstraat, the streets are composed almost entirely of Chinese and Indonesian restaurants. Altogether, this near dock area makes a highly entertaining evening's worth, with a latish meal in an Indonesian restaurant and a drink or two in one of the sailors' bars. These establishments, with their plush-covered tables and vicariously nostalgic German music coming from a juke box, are amusing in the richest sense of the word. Full flavour and full volume are from midnight onwards.

On more conventional lines, it would be hard to escape an evening of a quite different sort at the famous *Five Flies*. This, a series of genuine 16th-century cottages knocked into one, is all but a museum of old Dutch glass, hunting horns and copper; belfries, old brick, old tiles and perilous staircases slung with belfry ropes. It is distinctly tourist-conscious, and each chair betokens its more famous patrons in brass. One of them lists Gregory Peck, Les Paul, Benjamin Britten, Pierre Monteux, Max Factor, Rafael Kubelik and Erich Maria Remarque with fine impartiality. It is expensive, but the excellent food is in no way subjugated to the atmosphere. Under the same management, small-

er and less theatrical, is *Binnenhofje*, in an old courtyard. Both restaurants have a pianist.

A favourite of mine—for lunch rather than dinner—is *Dikker & Thijs*, atop a grocers' shop of the same name. It is elegant and relaxing, overlooks the canal and has superb food and cellar (good French wines incidentally are cheaper in Holland than in London). For waterside dining—outdoors in summer—the *Lido* is also good. The *Bon Mariage*, a bar cellar with some 150 varieties of cheese from all over the world and almost as many wines, is a gastronomic adventure. Nor should you ignore the indigenous treat of the country: smoked eel and a glass of Genever gin.

Amsterdam leads an active night life. *L'Ecstasy*, one of the leading night clubs, is somewhat bright and noisy for tastes attuned to a Parisian *boîte* or the *Four Hundred*. More intimate and amusing are the small night bars such as *La Corrida*, which keeps going with a first-class pianist until the last customer totters out, and where, though it is not licensed for dancing, you nevertheless *do* dance. The Dutch are no less masters of the art of "what the eye does not see" than we are. And if the eye has taken in a lot more than is good for it, Amsterdam has sauna baths. Should anyone have given you the impression that it is an entirely Puritan city, may I hereby bury the illusion.



## Dining out

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Fortnum and Mason**, Piccadilly. (REG 8040). Closed Saturdays after 1 p.m., Sundays and in the evenings. One of the comparatively few restaurants designed to meet the needs of women, though many men have also discovered its attractions. There is a full menu of well-established favourites, and an admirable selection of cold dishes. The cooking is good, and the wines are from the renowned wine department. The service is particularly pleasant. For those who do not want a large meal there are the Spanish and Travel bars, serving sandwiches and salads,

and the Fountain dispensing soda fountain specialities.

**Floris**, Brewer Street, off Shaftesbury Avenue. C.S. (GER 5421.) Open 10 a.m.-5.45 p.m. Another (but much smaller) restaurant that extends a particular welcome to women. The name Floris is famous for chocolate, *pâtisserie* and bread. The restaurant, which is Madame Floris's especial care, maintains the same standard. Its guiding principle is specialization.

**L'Arc en Ciel**, 21 Bute Street, off Harrington Road, S. Kensington. C.S. (KNT 8748.) This is the type of small restaurant you can find much more easily in Paris than in London, with a hard core of "regulars" who know the excellence of its cooking. The *patron* serves you himself. The cooking is Franco-Italian, with a touch of Greek, and the omelette and *tournedo maison* are outstanding. Unlicensed, but a good "sending out" list, including an interesting dry white wine, a 1952 Steinwein from Chile. W.B.

**Aperitif Grill**, 102 Jermyn Street. (WHI 1571.) C.S. This restaurant, cocktail bar and buttry, so popular with theatre-goers, is under the same management as Quaglino's. The manager, Leo Ertioni, is an outstanding figure in his profession. The Aperitif is a witness to his accumulated skill. W.B.

**Parkes Restaurateur**, 4 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. (KEN 1390.) Week-days 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sundays 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Ray Parkes is a dedicated chef and this small, completely original and delightful restaurant is the expression of his art. You bring your own wine (a good one if you are wise) and pay no corkage, or send out for it. You can then spend without anxiety on a select, quite expensive, but beautifully cooked choice of dishes changing from day to day. W.B.

## How to modernize

**White Hart Hotel**, Lewes. (Lewes 94.) This hotel and its restaurant are an outstanding example of how a splendid old house can be brought up to date to meet the needs of the 1960s. Having known it for 40 years I can say that nothing of its charm has been lost in the process. The dining room, once a dreary lounge, is panelled in stripped pine, and has a colour scheme of green and burgundy with striped tablecloths and plenty of flowers. The food, which includes the products of an Italian *pâtissier*, is excellent and reasonably priced, and the wine list a model of cleanliness and clarity. The bedrooms are charming. Mr. P. E. Leggett, the manager, can be proud. The A.A. Guide gives the White Hart a special rosette. W.B. weekends.





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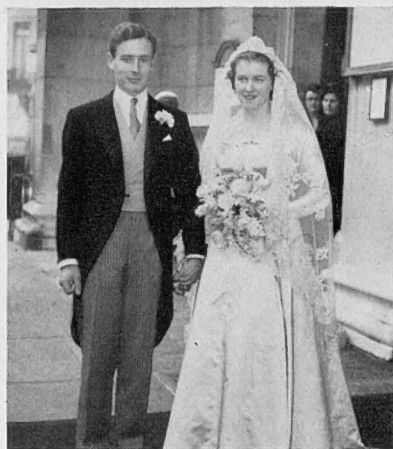
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*Fine Gloves make fine fashion*

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**Chetwynd—Miles:** The Hon. Julian Chetwynd, daughter of Viscount Chetwynd, and of Joan Viscountess Chetwynd, Ty'n-y-coed, Arthog, North Wales, married Philip David, son of Maj. & Mrs. W. H. Miles, of Godstone, Surrey, at St. George's, Hanover Square



**Brown—Latham:** Judith Margaret, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Brown, Coombe House, Bolney, near Cuckfield, East Sussex, married William John, twin son of Mr. & Mrs. A. S. Latham, of Crosby Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, S.W.



**Connolly—Irwin:** Penelope, daughter of the late Wing Comdr. P. E. G. G. Connolly, and of Mrs. John Ralph, of Hildenborough, Kent, married John, son of the late Mr. Ralph Irwin, and of Mrs. Irwin, of Merstham, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Epsom

## Weddings



**Forbes-Robertson—Godley:** Jean, daughter of the late Col. James Forbes-Robertson, v.c., and of Mrs. Forbes-Robertson, of Portman Square, W.1, married Lieut. Peter Godley, R.N., son of the late Brig. B. R. Godley, and of Mrs. Godley, of Wheatley, Oxon, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



**Luard—Baxter:** Caroline Ann, daughter of the late Comdr. N. S. Luard, R.N., and of Mrs. Luard, Fir Tree, Bishop's Waltham, Hampshire, married Capt. Robert Baxter, 14th/20th King's Hussars, youngest son of Col. & Mrs. D. Baxter, Longburton House, Sherborne, Dorset, at St. Peter's, Bishop's Waltham





NOVARA Straight, slim skirt that costs about 64/-.



CANESSA Skirt that's gently flared. Priced at about 64/-.

## How to make a husband sit up and take notice!

Men, as women never tire of pointing out, are often blind.

Nevertheless there are occasions when even the most unobservant man suddenly sits up and takes a lot of notice. Witness our friend in the candid shots above; his look of admiration shouts that there's

nothing like a Gor-Ray skirt for getting a man's attention. (And keeping it!). Note, too, that though these Gor-Ray styles are poles apart the look in his eye proves he likes them both!

Talking of styles, it's worth remembering that Gor-Ray specialise

in skirts, offering you more styles, sizes, colours and fabrics than anyone else on earth. All the better shops stock Gor-Ray skirts, but if you can't find yours drop us a line to 72 New Bond Street, London, W.1, and we'll tell you where it is.

# GOR·RAY skirts one better!

(and now they make suits too)



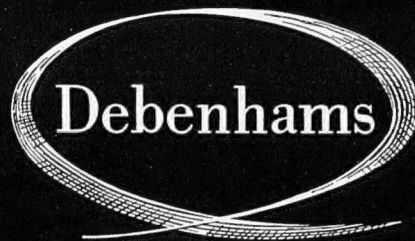
We  
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in  
Paris

... for the absolute in flattery. Subtle is its way with a double-textured fabric ... Kerry green one side, fine black and white check tweed the other—by Gerondeau. Then, strict tailoring and impeccable finish ... yes, undeniably Nina Ricci. Available in London towards the end of March.



*Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams in the Rue de la Paix.*

Nina Ricci at







“If anyone has a new idea  
in this country there are twice  
as many people who advocate putting a man  
with a red flag in front of it....”



PRINCE PHILIP, addressing the Circle of 19th Century Motorists, 15 February 1960

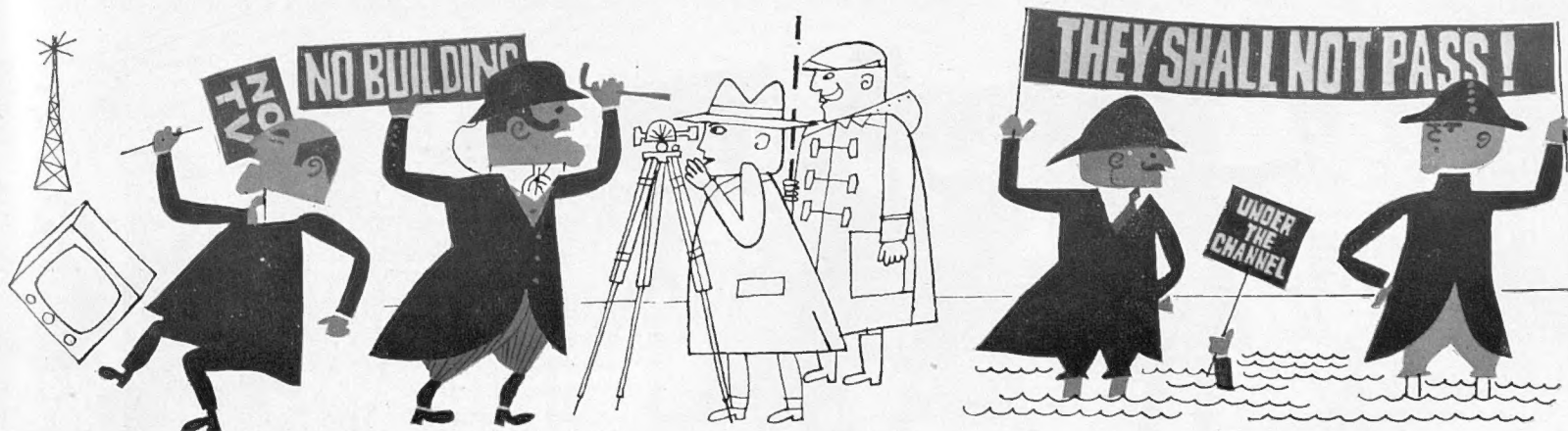
*In appreciation and support of this bang-on royal fragment,  
The Tatler parades a line-up of contemporary flag-wavers  
fluttering gamely against the wind of change*

## SPOILSPORTS!



IF the wind of change is blowing through Africa it is probably because it has given up trying to make headway in Britain. An example: To encourage more students to study science at Oxford and Cambridge in what is, after all, a scientific age it was suggested that the traditional Latin examination should no longer be compulsory there. This seemed a good idea, particularly as Latin could not possibly be of the slightest value to scientists, or indeed to

anyone else nowadays—except, as Bernard Shaw once remarked, to schoolmasters who make a living out of teaching it to schoolboys. But at once a grave correspondence began in *The Times*, with each solemn letter longer than the last (why is it that educationists are so long-winded?). And in the universities the debate still continues. It has all been marvellously learned and democratic, and (as so often with learning and democracy in Britain) it has produced











*London may be traffic-jammed, but Lord John Hope stands in the way of relieving the pressure with parking in the Mall. This tiny concession could only be wrung from him while the Pink Zone lasted. So the plane trees of the Mall can be admired in their isolation—though no one seems to think that parking spoils the chestnuts of the Champs-Élysées*



*More celebrated on-stage, Mr. Felix Aylmer plays an off-stage red-flag rôle as president of Equity, the actors' union. Largely through this body's attitude many British theatregoers never get to see the full original casts of the transatlantic shows that keep so many London theatres in business. An increasing quota of British performers has to be worked in*



*Shopping after six is a notion that brings Mr. Walter Padley, M.P., scrambling to the barricades. As president of U.S.D.A.W., the shop assistants' union, he not only opposes longer shopping hours but favours further restrictions. He doesn't seem to have heard of the shift system*



*High in nuisance value is Mr. Harold Legerton, secretary of the archetypal Lord's Day Observance Society. His successes in making Sunday even drearier than usual are owed to taking advantage of mouldering legislation, which Mr. Butler promises to overhaul. His latest: Stopping a TV charity football match*

hem on his own Mr. Marples is at once marked as a man apart.

Not that obstruction is a monopoly of the politicians. Carefully sed, there is nothing like a restrictive practice to scupper a new lea. Bring in a machine that does the work of eight men, and you will be required to keep eight men watching it, even though the controls can be operated by two. Or there will be an unofficial strike over the redundancy payments to the other six. Matter of fact, any moment now there is likely to be a Royal Commission to look into this, too.

And then of course there are the nature lovers. Their habitat is wherever you choose to build a new plant on virgin country. They will say it is desecrating a beauty spot, and as they are probably members of a protection society, practised in the skills of stalling, you will be lucky to get a brick laid within five years. These are often the same people who object to your clearing a site with an

old building on it, this time because of its historical associations. They probably belong to another society, but then in England there is a society for stopping everything. There is a fellow called Mr. R. S. Elkin who is secretary of the Mechanical Rights Society. By raising the royalty rates he is doing his little best to stop American recordings from being manufactured in Britain—he thinks there are enough British ones. There is a society for stopping people from doing as they please on Sundays, several for stopping them drinking when they choose, another one for stopping them from having the TV programmes they like. There is even an official body for stopping farmers from marketing their own tomatoes, and any day now there'll be an association for stopping Prince Philip from hitting the nail on the head.

If only there were a society for stopping the spoilsports, that would be something we could all join.





# Royalty in the City . . . Cunard's No. 1 . . . At Lincoln's Inn

BY MURIEL BOWEN

**T**HE CITY'S "Welcome Home" luncheon to Prince Philip, the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Alexandra after their Commonwealth tours of last year set a new pattern of City entertaining. Prince Philip summed it up nicely in an aside to the Lord Mayor, Sir Edmund Stockdale: "I dare say that you, sir, have frequently had the privilege of killing two birds with one shot. But I wonder if any of you here have ever had the experience of killing by kindness four Royal Highnesses at one banquet."

For hundreds of years the City has had these luncheons, one after each royal tour, which it puts on with grandeur at ancient Guildhall. Now with royal tours becoming more numerous (and more informal) there is to be one big lunch at the beginning of each year. This should preserve the impact of the luncheons (sartorially the efforts made by both men and women equal those for the royal garden parties), and doubtless there will be relief on the part of the City's treasurer. In olden days the bill for lunching 620 guests at the Guildhall was a mere few hundred pounds—now it's £5,000.

Princess Alexandra was in a very Ascot-looking outfit of pink coat and brown floral hat on this cold wintry day. "You must be freezing?" inquired Prince Philip when he met her at the entrance. But even if she was she looked so attractive I should think it was worth while.

Also at the top table were the Earl & Countess of Home, Sir Denis & the Hon. Lady Lowson (she had a band of flowers on her head), Sir David & the Hon. Lady Eccles, and Sir Rupert & Lady De la Bere, both great successes at the Mansion House in Coronation year. Earlier the more distinguished of the guests had filed through the library, where a wintry sun was shining through the massive Gothic window, to be received by the Lord Mayor & Lady Mayoress on the dais.

Government, business, the professions and the top men of the Services—they were all there. I noticed the Marquess & Marchioness Douro, Sir Gordon Touche, M.P., & Lady Touche, the new Earl & Countess of Pembroke and Mr. Julian Amery, M.P., & Mrs. Amery. She was outstanding among the younger women in a black velvet dress and toque.

Some throaty "Hear Hears" signalled the arrival of Mr. Cameron Cobbold, Governor of the Bank of England. He shared with members of the Royal Family and the Lord Mayor the gratification of being recognized by everybody. The Mayor of Fulham and his

wife were announced after a couple of representatives of lesser-known places of the Commonwealth. "Where's Fulham, dear?" asked an elderly lady of her husband, who was wearing the blue robe of a member of the Common Council.

Mr. Tom Kingsley Collett, another member of the Common Council, appeared to be leading an official cheer brigade in one of the library alcoves. Whenever applause for new arrivals wasn't forthcoming from the guests Mr. Collett and his colleagues started the ball rolling.

Others I saw: Viscount & Viscountess Simon, Sir Gerard & Lady D'Erlanger, Mr. Patrick Gordon Walker, M.P., & Mrs. Gordon Walker (she was wearing one of the hats, a bright yellow affair), the Earl & Countess of Scarbrough, Sir Alexander Grantham (who recently retired after a most distinguished Governorship of Hong Kong) & Lady Grantham, Sir Eric Bowater, Adm. Sir Robin & Lady Durnford-Slater (she was smart in royal blue, a red feather in her hat) and Countess Attlee, elegant in dark red velvet.

After the official reception came a slow queue through the red-carpeted stone corridors, which were gay with flowers. Mr. David Longman, the City florist, had done exquisite arrangements of his 10,000 carnations, daffodils, mimosa, lilies and freesias. So many women were commenting on them.

Lunch over, the guests showed no inclination to linger. It was back-to-work for most of them. Prince Philip refused both the liqueurs and the coffee, and quickly got on his way to Buckingham Palace.

## CUNARD'S SHY CHIEF

During a visit to Flintshire at the weekend, I lunched with Sir John Brocklebank—the new chairman of the Cunard Line—and Lady Brocklebank, at their home, Bryn Coch Hall. With Lord Chandos's committee reporting to the Government this month on the replacing of "the Queens," Sir John's name is about to pop into the headlines. He's a shy but genial man, likes an occasional game of golf ("when the queue of traffic isn't too bad across the Queensferry"), and to potter about his modest farm. He raises beef, but nothing pedigree. As he puts it himself: "I don't have any plans for trying to become another Lord Rootes." (Whether it's miles per gallon, or gallons per head with his Guernseys, Lord Rootes seems to be the

*continued on page 379*



The Queen, said Prince Philip at the Guildhall luncheon, had "other matters to attend to." She was photographed out driving while waiting for the birth of the new prince





*Sir John & Lady Brocklebank at their Flintshire home, Bryn Coch Hall. Lady Brocklebank shares her husband's interest in ships, and she will launch the Port New Plymouth at Newcastle-on-Tyne on 29 March. They also have the same hobby, driving fast sports cars*

Desmond O'Neill





*One can see all the racing from this point above Knighton Down, Salisbury Plain*

## *Point-to-points again*

*One of the earliest  
meetings was the United Services'  
at Larkhill*



*Capt. C. R. Burke, who rode Maj. Sir John Johnson's horse Coachman in the first race, with Maj. P. D. E. Riall, Master and huntsman of the R.A. (Salisbury Plain) Hunt, and Mrs. Riall*



*Capt. Hugh Dawnay, son of Maj.-Gen. & Lady Katherine Dawnay, rode in the Maiden Race*



*Maj.-Gen. G. W. E. Heath, M.C., & Mrs. Heath. General Heath was a member of the Race Committee*



*Mrs. Charles Radclyffe, her husband, Capt. Charles Radclyffe, & her son Sir William Pigott-Brown, Bt.*



*Mr. H. Davey, riding Mr. J. W. Davey's Oxford Hill, leads the field in the Coronation Cup (division 2), which he went on to win. Left: Sir William Pigott-Brown, Bt., on his stepfather's horse Phylae*



*Gen. Sir Henry Jackson with Maj.-Gen. Cecil Firbank, one of the stewards of the meeting*



# At Claridge's, the HIGHLAND BALL

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

most formidable pace-setter for the transport magnates who also farm.)

It's just that quaint English sense of proportion that makes Sir John Brocklebank better known as a leg-break bowler than as the commander of a mighty shipping fleet. As one of those august gentlemen of the M.C.C. said to me: "English cricket nowadays is crying out for John's sort of bowling." Sir John was a blue at Cambridge and played for the Gentlemen versus the Players at Lord's. Nowadays he doesn't play cricket, but he's been known to clean-bowl a hostess or two. Sometime ago, spending a weekend in one of our more splendid and remote country houses, he contrived to get himself sent a telegram saying that he was wanted urgently in Liverpool. It was his way of escape after discovering that nobody, not even the butler, had a radio or television set on which he could follow an important football match. Lady Brocklebank told me that she felt "mortified"—but it is the sort of social courage I admire. It can't but encourage hostesses to raise their standards. . . .

Brocklebank is the oldest name in shipping. Six generations have built it up since Daniel Brocklebank launched it in the 1770s. Having built a ship he found that the owners couldn't pay for it, so he sent his 19-year-old nephew off in it as captain. "Glad it wasn't me," Sir John said ruefully. "I'd have been seasick. I only enjoy sailing in something of 10,000 tons at least—otherwise with stabilizers."

The replacements for the "Queens" will be much the same as the two famous sisters—1,000-ft. long, and 80,000 tons. Atomic ships for passengers are, it seems, a long way off. Though the Queen Mary is to do another five years of Atlantic crossings, and the Queen Elizabeth twelve, a successor could be on the sea five years after she is laid down. Planning, which takes a year, is already done—sketches and drawings are locked away in a Liverpool safe. Sir John told me: "As far as the traveller is concerned the best ship today is the biggest and most luxurious one . . . all our most expensive cabins go first . . . and that will be the pattern for the ten years or so that we in shipping can see ahead."

*concluded overleaf*



*Reel-dancers reflected in a mirror. The ball is an annual one, organized by the Highland Society*



*Miss Gay Lowson, elder daughter of Sir Denys Lowson, Bt.*



*Mr. David Buchan and the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis*



*Miss C. Whitehead, Mr. D. Wishart & Mr. L. Sandys-Lumsdaine*



MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

I think I shall be sad when the "Queens" are no more. Travelling on them, surrounded mostly by Americans, I've always thought that building and sailing ships is something we British do rather well.

### THEY TALKED OF BOATS

From liners to yachts. The Royal Ocean Racing Club ball brought a sea of faces to the Hyde Park Hotel. Talk was of boats, boats and still more boats. "Finest of the new boats is Mr. Jack du Pont's Barlavento—she's 70-ft. on the waterline," Mr. A. Vernon Sainsbury, the Commodore, told me. "I'm hoping that she'll be over from the States next year for the Fastnet Race."

Not all the new boats are American, of course. About 20 of the Club's members are building—a sizeable number when you consider that an ocean-racer today costs not a penny less than £4,000 and anything up to £40,000. Mr. W. F. Cartwright (he's a director of the Steel Company of Wales), Mr. J. R. Howard Williams and Mr. H. Dick Broom will all be racing new boats. So will Mr. Michael Vernon, the London business man, whose new boat is being built in Holland.

The Army, especially the Sappers, have always done well sailing, as have the Gunners, and both were well represented at the dance. "The Navy has improved so much in the last few years," Major-Gen. G. W. Duke, a distinguished sailing Sapper, told me. "Sailing as a hobby is appealing much more to sailors than it used to. But we don't intend to let them go on *winning*!"

At least five British boats will be in the Newport-to-Bermuda race. Afterwards they look like being joined by a whole fleet of Americans for a race across the Atlantic to Mastrand for the centenary celebrations of the Royal Gothenburg Yacht Club.

### 900 CARS GO RACING

Another sporting success was the United Services point-to-point at Larkhill. What a "gate" for a point-to-point, with over 900 cars! It has been a noticeable trend over the last few years that as more young people get cars, the numbers at point-to-points go up. Gen. Sir Francis Festing, the C.I.G.S., motored down from London specially for the races. In his younger days he used to ride in them. He and Lady Festing and their sons, John, who is in the Grenadier Guards, and Michael and Andrew (both at Sandhurst), lunched with Brigadier J. M. McNeill in the committee tent on the ground before racing started.

The Coronation Cup, presented by the Queen, attracted 88 entries. The only way out was to hold three different races. The Hon. David Rhys, Mr. J. W. Davey and Mr. H. Handel will each hold the cup for four months.

I would have thought that the heavy rain would have a disastrous effect on the crowd. But people were undaunted. As Mrs. Jonathan Miller, a Warwickshire hunt follower, said afterwards: "The nice thing about an Army point-to-point is that you can be certain of having your car pulled, or pushed, out of the mud."

### AT LINCOLN'S INN

Interest in penal reform brought together an audience of more than 600 to hear Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, speak at Lincoln's Inn Hall on "The Prisoner's Return to Society." However, it was not the Home Secretary but his kinswoman, Mrs. Edward Norman-Butler, who achieved the biggest triumph. As chairman she had gathered this large audience willing to pay two guineas each for their tickets. And it was she who got together a most distinguished committee, including the Duke of Devonshire, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Martin Charteris,

Lady Pamela Berry, the Hon. J. J. Astor, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Mr. Isaac Wolfson and Mrs. Ian Fleming. They weren't an inactive committee, either. Besides attending, most of them brought friends, too.

The evening provided £1,500 for "The New Bridge," an association of friends of the discharged prisoner founded by bank chairman Lord Pakenham. "It was suggested that I run a dance to raise funds," Mrs. Norman-Butler said to me, "but I would have nothing to do with that. I felt what is needed is getting the problem of the discharged prisoner known at a high level, and getting something practical done about him."

The audience heard Lord Parker of Waddington, the Lord Chief Justice (whose views on criminal reform are not the same as Mr. Butler's), say: "What the ex-prisoner needs above all is personal friendship." He went on: "We are meeting in a place associated with a great visionary, Sir Thomas More... and it seems to me that the conscience of lawyers is not fully awakened to the debt that they owe to do something for the ex-prisoner."

Upstairs in the gallery were groups of young men from the public schools. Mrs. Robert Birley (her husband was ill with 'flu) came with her daughter, Mrs. Brian Rees, and 10 boys from Eton. Mr. Charles Livingstone had a group of six from Harrow.

Over refreshments in the library I met many prison voluntary workers such as Lady Moorea Wyatt, who is a librarian at Wormwood Scrubs, and Mrs. Michael Baird, who is one of the visitors there.

Also there were Lord & Lady Aberconway, Col. & Mrs. J. F. Williams-Wynne and their daughter Merry, who was a programme-seller, the Countess of Abingdon, who employs three ex-prisoners at her home, and Mr. Kenneth Dibben of the Bow Group, which is making a study of prison reform.

## BRIGGS by Graham







Left: Mr. Vernon Sainsbury, Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. Right: Miss Patricia Simms-Adams and Mr. Simms Simms-Adams

## OCEAN-RACERS

*of the R.O.R.C. held their annual ball at the Hyde Park Hotel*



Mr. Myles Wyatt, Admiral of the R.O.R.C., and his son-in-law, Mr. Philip Woolley. Above, right: Mr. H. Dick Broom and Mrs. W. Blois-Johnson



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Right: Mr. & Mrs. Tom Worth, who sailed round the world in the yacht *Beyond* between 1952 & 1953



The Hon. Max Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's heir, and Mrs. Michael de Pret-Roose, from Berkshire





Mrs. Angela Carr at the beginners' ski class.  
Left, top: Mrs. J. Howard Stonehouse

Lt.-General Sir Nigel Poett, G.O.C. Southern  
Command, and Lady Poett



Left: Miss Carolyn Kershaw, elder daughter  
of Mr. Anthony Kershaw, M.P. for Stroud

Below: Captain Terence Hart Dyke



## KITZBÜHEL

I LOVE winter sports. Of course, they're terribly expensive. Skis. Skiing clothes. *Après-ski* clothes. Ski-lift *abonnements*. Ski school. Guides. Girls. Hot grogs and kirsch. Hot chocolates and *pâtisseries*. Doctors. X-rays. Plaster of paris. The hotel bill. Not to mention getting there and back—say £50 if you fly. . . .

However, it's worth it. I'm sure it's worth it. It *must* be worth it. And when, last week, I found myself in Munich on a free two-day visit for the *Münchener Illustrierte*, I joyfully decided on a long weekend in Kitzbühel before flying home.

In February, people say, the snow there is always wonderful. The sky is invariably blue, the sun like the Mediterranean in summer. And, I understood, there aren't too many people; no need to reserve a room. But a light sleet was falling as I stepped off the train from Munich, swishing wetly from a grey sky into three inches of slush.

"This," I said to my gloomy taxi-driver, "isn't fair. I was told you had two metres of powder snow and dazzling sunshine."

"It is the Föhn," he replied laconically. "He start to blow today."

I knew already about the Föhn. It is the warm wind which *always* starts to blow as soon as I arrive for winter sports. Not only does it melt the snow, but it affects all the natives (and many of the visitors) in the most peculiar ways. School exams are cancelled if the Föhn is blowing, for example, because nobody can work in it; adultery, I've been informed, is no longer in itself sufficient





*The Marchioness of Blandford was in Kitzbühel for a month*



*Miss Carol Phillips (left) from Hampshire and Miss Jenny Cooper*

*photographed by Tom Hustler, plus a personal report by LORD KILBRACKEN*

grounds for divorce; and everyone becomes morose and melancholy.

My taxi deposited me at the Goldener Greif Hotel, which also houses the Spielcasino (roulette and chemmy) and the Sportklause which is much the gayest and liveliest night-spot in town. But the Goldener Greif (known to Britons as the Golden Grief) was full. They kindly phoned other hotels for me while a ravishing Spanish barmaid, known as Carmen, plied me with dry Martinis. The Tiefenbrunner was full. The Weisses Rössl was full. The Grand was full. But after three Martinis they finally found me a bed—the only one left—in the Guido Reisch; £3 a day, plus 15 per cent, for full *pension*. I walked round in the sleet, which was now turning into rain.

It took about three hours to get fixed up with skis and boots, by which time dusk was falling. (The boots were a size too large—the only pair left—but no matter.) I therefore flung myself forthwith into the madly gay night-life for which Kitzbühel is famous, ending up with red wine, and a prepossessing blonde called Helen, from London, S.W.10, in the Sportklause, after losing a mere £20 in the Casino.

Next morning, bright and early (around 11.45), I set off for the mountains. I've skied in Switzerland (Davos and Wengen), Italy (Passo di Sella), the United States (Laurel Mountain, Pa.) and the Soviet Union (Murmansk), but I have never found anywhere with such a fine variety of magnificent runs as Kitzbühel. The Horn and the

Hahnenkamm are the two great mountains which dominate the town. I chose the Hahnenkamm, and was soon heading in the terrifying cablecar up vertiginous precipices.

A first short run to get the feel of things. The snow was soft and slow and wet; if you left the *piste*, you were in breakable crust immediately. The Föhn was blowing steadily, the sky was an immaculate grey, and there were nasty patches of earth and grass and rock round every other corner. I managed to get my stem turns going, then—gingerly—my stem-christies; then I found I could do a full christie (after a fashion) to the right but not to the left, which is a perennial failing of mine. I persevered, only falling perhaps half-a-dozen times.

Back, in a chair-lift, to the hotel at the top for soup and the inevitable *Wienerschnitzel*. (The Austrians seem to live exclusively on veal and/or sausages, in one form or another, which is rather a pity.) And then I set out on the long run down to Kirchberg, a village in the valley a few kilometres from Kitzbühel.

Suddenly, halfway down, I began to ski rather well. My christies started working to the left, too. This, I have always recognized, is a most dangerous stage to reach, when you suddenly reacquire confidence. But I was feeling reckless and went swoosh—swoosh—swoosh down the mountainside. For my hubris, retribution instantly overtook me.

A sudden patch of green grass in the *piste*; I fell sideways, not heavily, but with legs and

skis hopelessly and inextricably intermingled. My right leg is suddenly subjected to horrible and intolerable pressures; I can feel it—I can even hear it—on the absolute verge of breaking. In the nick of time, I manage to shift my body and relieve the strain. But the damage has been done: knee and ankle so severely sprained that I can only just make it down to Kirchberg in a series of long traverses and humiliating kick-turns.

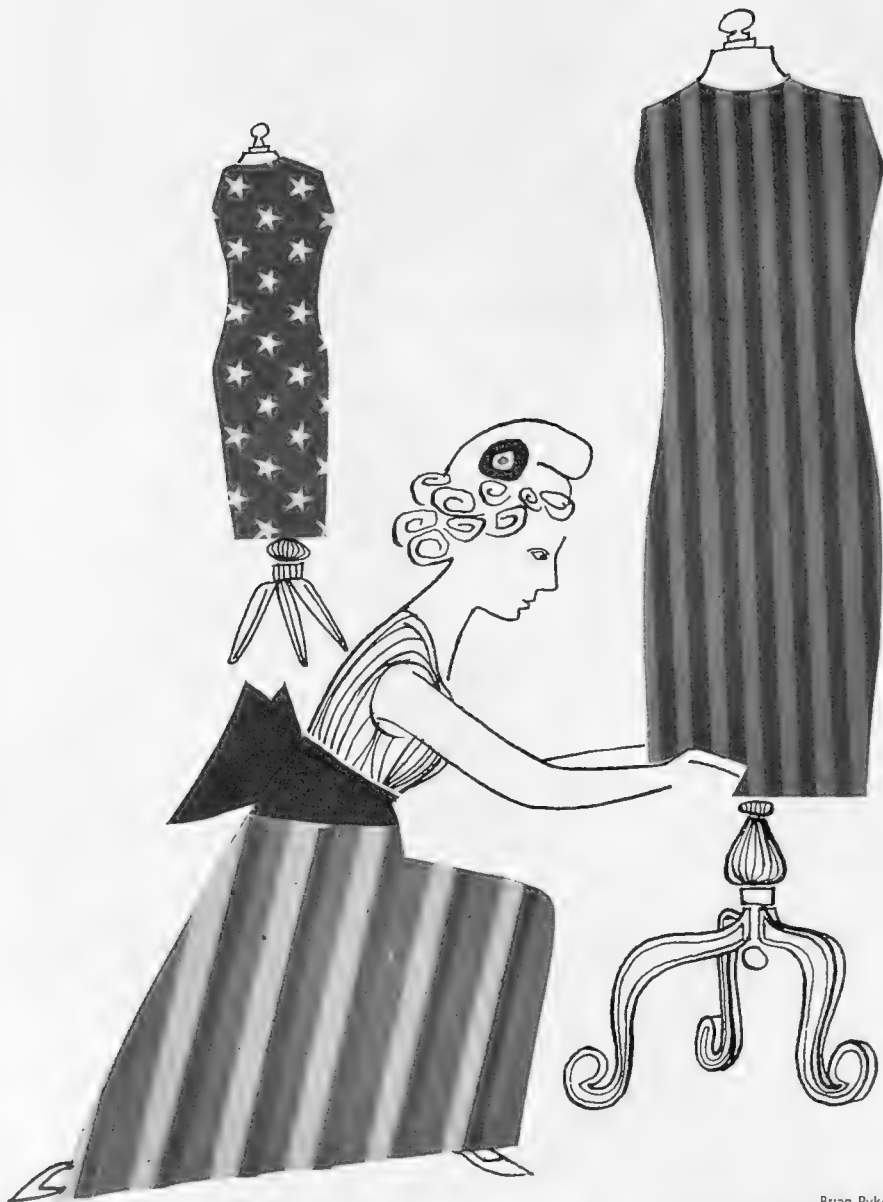
Next morning, after a painful night, my whole leg had stiffened nicely, with large purple swellings here and there. I could walk with pain and difficulty; skiing was out of the question. Just to make matters worse, the Föhn had now stopped blowing; the sky was perfectly clear and blue, the air crisp, and six inches of powder snow had fallen.

"Coming up the mountain?" asked my cursedly cheerful friends. "It's wonderful. . ."

Social life and dry Martinis quickly took over. Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Ruck Keene, who are long-established Kitzbühel residents; Johnny Dyson-Taylor (who was just going off the wagon); Gerry Reynolds-Albertini and his lovely wife; and dozens of others, too, all very sympathetic. There were ten parties to choose from every night, and no need whatever to rise till noon.

I was only limping slightly by the time I arrived home. In three days at Kitzbühel, I'd had 50 minutes of skiing on wet, soft slush. Next winter, perhaps, I'll take up curling. Because, as I began by saying, I love winter sports.





Brian Pyke

## NINE FACES OF FASHION



**Pierre Balmain**, a native of the French Savoie, studied architecture in Paris and was persuaded by Edward Molyneux to become a couturier. He joined Lucien Lelong making his first collection there in 1939. He opened his own house in 1945 and now has branches in New York, Brazil and (soon) in Caracas, Venezuela



**Yves St. Laurent**, 24, born in Oran, a philosophy graduate, came to Paris in 1953. Some sketches he did for *Vogue* won him a position on Christian Dior's staff. Dior's mantle descended on him with the designer's death. Verdict on St. Laurent is reserved. Brilliant, but also unpredictable, he lacks the discipline and infallible taste of Dior



**Jules François Crahay**, 41, a Belgian from Liège, has infused new blood into the long-established house of Nina Ricci. He came to Paris at the end of the war and opened his own house, but failed and he was taken on as modelist at Nina Ricci. He presented his first collection in January last year and achieved immediate success



**Pierre Cardin**, still in his 30s, started with Paquin where he was an apprentice alongside Antonio del Castillo. Later he collaborated with Dior in producing the historic *New Look* collection. Cardin left Dior after three years to start his own house. His sensational coats and suits have been copied all over the world

# Couture

BY MAUREEN WILLIAMSON

PARIS RESERVES THE RIGHT TO SHOCK WHEN SHE FEELS LIKE IT. This year—or at least this spring—there are no shocks, sudden, unsignalled right-about-turns. But there is a revolution none the less, subtle but not unobserved. Paris this season wears two faces and the signs are visible in the very simplicity of designs that vary hardly at all from those of last year. Clothes are certainly more casual, easier to wear, and trimmings, collars, cuffs, belts, even sleeves, have been pared to the point of invisibility. These are clothes for every day, equally successful at home at the office or in a smart restaurant. But more to the point they are the kind of clothes that Americans love to wear.

For Paris, in spite of her position as arbiter of world fashion, has her eye firmly fixed on the Statue of Liberty these days. And no wonder! The bi-annual descent of hundreds of U.S. buyers with an enormous dollar potential presents a temptation hard to resist. Naturally designers must study their customers. Young Guy Laroche even worked in New York for two years “get his eye in” before he opened his Paris house. The result is that more and more of the top designers are presenting models that can easily be translated into terms of mass production. And that's good business. But is it couture?

After all it was couture that brought American buyers to Pa-



*The all-change girl peeps out at what's new in the French and Italian collections wearing a gold lamé mask made by Mr. David at French of London (creators of her hairstyle). Antique pendant ear-rings and rings are from Richard Ogden, the pale honey stole is in EMBA "Tourmaline" mink from Bradleys. Red roses are from Edward Goodyear, the gilt screen is upholstered in white pure silk dupion by Sanderson Fabrics*



# .. or CARBON COPY?

In the first place and the true *métier* of the couturier is to design and create superb clothes for an individual woman, adapting his own original ideas to her requirements. It follows that there can be no rigid hem length, no arbitrary set of sleeve or length of bodice; whatever the individual design its translation must depend on the figure of the woman who is to wear it. Rich private customers (there are still plenty of them) are not interested in wearing a uniform. For that is what a model becomes when it has been copied by a score of manufacturers in a dozen different countries and plugged in the international press.

For such customers Paris holds serious pitfalls. No woman having paid some £250 for a dress is going to be particularly amused to find herself on some important occasion surrounded by half a dozen carbon copies at an eighth of the price. Business women, too, both here and on the Continent, are rebelling against paying vast sums for little suits for their wives only to see their secretaries wearing seemingly identical copies that were probably mass-produced for five or six pounds.

The conservative, long-established houses—Jean Dessès, Jacques G., Jacques Heim—continue to make largely private customer collections, and Pierre Balmain and Castillo at Lanvin, while hotly pursued by buyers from the more expensive stores,

make for the most part clothes not easily translatable into a low-price range. But it is Balenciaga who gets the best of both worlds. It costs a buyer £1,000 just to see his collection and no member of the Press is allowed to photograph or sketch more than two models. Precautions like these ensure that reproductions of his models are not seen all over the place. He finds with Givenchy that this policy pays dividends in the form of retaining the most distinguished clientele of any house while at the same time extorting from trade buyers the highest prices in couture history.

The House of Dior, too, happily straddles both sides of the fence. While at least a third of the collection eventually becomes mass-produced and a great deal more is made ready-to-wear in different countries by subsidiary Dior companies, the team of designers headed by Yves St. Laurent still make the magnificent couture clothes which are the prerogative of rich women.

All of which raises the inevitable question—can Paris remain Paris? Will the demands of mass-production and dollar markets eventually swamp Parisian haute couture, or will the two sides of what is essentially a commercial proposition meet in an agreement to produce the carbon copy for world consumption while retaining the original genius that started the whole thing.



Antonio del Castillo, 49, Spanish-born, joined the House of Lanvin in 1950, a few years after the death of Mme. Lanvin. In earlier years he had worked with Elizabeth Arden in New York and served his apprenticeship to couture with Paquin and Lelong. His collections are noted for restrained clothes, exceptional use of fur



Claude Rivière (Mlle. Madeleine Laget), has been successively a New York store buyer, manageress of Gilbert Orel's salon and fashion correspondent for *Life*. She opened her own salon in the Rue St. Honoré in 1952 and specializes in young, pretty clothes. Collaborating with her is 30-year-old Christian Chastel from Lyons



Guy Laroche, son of a cattle-farming family in La Rochelle, started as a hair-stylist then worked 10 years with Jean Dessès. He spent two years working for a wholesale dress manufacturer on New York's 7th Avenue before opening his Paris house in a flat in the Avenue Franklin-Roosevelt only three years ago



Jacques Heim, is president of the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne*. He heads a 60-year-old house with branches in Biarritz, Cannes & Deauville and departments in stores in Brussels, Rio and at Harrods, London. His son Philippe continues the family tradition and Heim's chief designer is (above, right) Jean Pomarède





Dior's version of the tunic two-piece has the long torso line with an indicated waist just above hip-level. Made in the delicate green this House calls *le vert tige*, it is fastened with large mother-of-pearl buttons. The white straw hat is scattered with white organza camellias

*Opposite:* Pierre Cardin is one of the most controversial (and most copied) of the younger designers. He shares with Laroche the same tremendous feeling for colour. This suit in red wool with its stark lines emphasizes the hip-line. It is teamed with a tobacco brown straw hat and gloves

## *The case of the inconstant waistline*

*The Paris line is casual  
and easy-to-wear.*

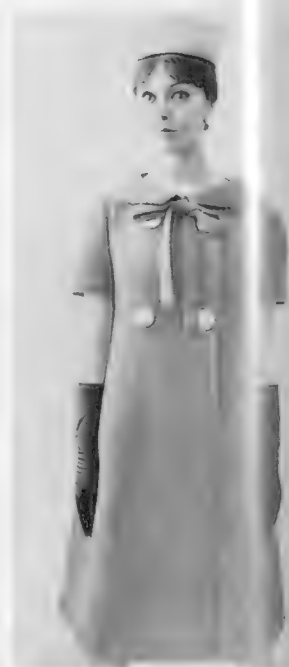
*Trimmings are pared to a  
minimum and waistlines  
make their own rules*



A Dior greatcoat in scarlet wool, has an inflated hip-line inspired by the shape of Etruscan amphorae. The absence of collar and cuffs and the false dropped waistline, emphasized here with bands of stitching, are characteristic of the collections. The hard, high pill-box hats were shown for both day and evening wear



Guy Laroche, one of the younger designers, has made a study of the American market. His was a youthful collection with an enormous flair for colour. This coat in palest blue wool with a barely indicated waistline is intricately cut to give a deceptive impression of simplicity. Laroche's clothes are popular with U.S. buyers



Nina Ricci's coat in scarlet wool will soon be seen in our shops. This is the kind of gay, original model for which manufacturers are constantly on the look-out. The secret is that it can be copied economically. Here the indicated waist is high under the bust-line. This coat is on sale at Debenhams & Freebody, W.1

*photographed in Paris by*  
**NORMAN EALES**

*In Florence (pages 392-4) by*  
**MICHAEL DUNNE**







Jacques Heim's large collection turned a deliberate and obvious eye to the profitable American market by producing what his young designer, Jean Pomarède, calls "air conditioned" loosely fitting clothing. As an example the long, easy-fitting coat (*right*) in fine mimosa wool gives a *trompe l'oeil* effect over a sleeveless, pleated dress (*below, right*). The emphasis on the hips, which was such a consistent feature of the collections, is achieved here with a wide contour belt of mimosa suède. M. Pomarède, a former pupil of Dior, has been nine years with Jacques Heim



### *The sleeveless dress . . .*

Clothes by Pierre Balmain, who has one of the largest private clientele in Paris, attract buyers from our own expensive stores which offer a made-to-measure service. His sleeveless dress of wistaria-coloured floral silk (*left*) is topped with a ¾th's coat which has its centre back seam left open almost to the neckline. Typical Balmain elegance and femininity is achieved by a dropped shoulderline, a complete absence of trimmings and a swathed white chiffon hat. The House of Balmain is now 15 years old and its branches overseas have stemmed from M. Balmain's visits to the U.S. and Latin America





Jacques Heim's large loose fitting coat of heavy white wool (*right*) is fastened with two tan suede buttons. The important sleeves, with enormously deep armholes, spring from the horizontal seaming of the indicated waistline. The coat is lined with tan silk taffeta and has been bought by Harrods, London. It was worn over the casual, essentially American dress of tan suede shown in the picture (*below, right*). The House of Heim dresses a large private clientele and has a Boutique, Jeunes Filles and ready-to-wear departments



### *. . . in the two-piece*

Balmain's elegant dinner dress of white chiffon (*left*) is mounted on tulle and embroidered with silver bugle beads. The strapless bodice is swathed with white chiffon and topped by a huge rose of stiffened chiffon. The ultra-simple jacket has bracelet length sleeves. The "just-above-ankle" hemline is now established as the most fashionable for evening. Balmain is famous for magnificent, exquisitely embroidered evening dresses—for private customers only. His clothes for the most part are not easily translated into a low-price range





Belgian designer Jean Crahay has brought new inspiration and gaiety to the long-established house of Nina Ricci. Young and easily translatable his clothes are increasingly sought after by wholesale manufacturers. His pretty bat-wing sleeves and high cummerbunds of a season ago sold in a thousand different versions. For the summer he favours high bustlines and makes much use of pleats. The dress in a bold turquoise blue crêpe. Pleated from bust to hem, the dress is worn with a coat of satin in the same vivid turquoise blue



## *Pleats win at Nina Ricci*



There were many of these short-cropped jackets surmounting full skirts mounted on camisole tops in the Ricci Collection. This version is in off-white tweed, the fullness of the skirt being concealed in broad box pleats. Wide stand-away neckline and elbow-length sleeves followed through many models in the collection. The hat and gloves are nigger brown. The same colour scheme is repeated in the fully pleated dress (*right*) in off-white crêpe. The white felt hat has an underbrim faced in chestnut brown





Planning the trousseau of the Empress Farah of Persia has left a distinctly Eastern impression on Yves St. Laurent of Dior. It was particularly apparent in his beautiful *déshabillés* of gossamer Oriental gauzes and the jewel-encrusted silk taffeta boudoir trousers worn under billowing taffeta skirts. This turquoise blue silk gauze *déshabillé* cut on the lines of an Arab *burnous* fastens down the front and is worn over a matching sheath of the same material. This model is richly embroidered with pure gold thread and jewels



## *Eastern influence at Dior*

This Dior dress of pale blue woven silk is skilfully "built" to maintain a rigid silhouette. The skirt like so many in the collection had a raised hemline accentuated with a band of richly jewelled Oriental embroidery. The jewelled shoes in the same silk were specially made by Roger Vivier. The House of Dior pays minute attention to detail, every accessory being specially designed for the garment with which it is to be worn. The slave bangle and three-tier necklace are set with enormous rhinestones and coloured gems





Capucci, still in his 20s, is one of Italy's most provocative designers. His white wool coat (*right*) was worn over the loosely-waisted bottle green wool dress (*above*)



## FLORENCE — *Roberto Capucci*

Capucci's tailored jackets came well below hip length, his skirts barely covered the knee. The navy wool jacket (*right*) was lined with white and worn over the sleeveless white blouse (*below*). Copies on sale at Debenham & Freebody



Capucci's black-ottoman piqué dress (*above*) was trimmed with black and white striped braiding and worn over an underskirt edged with the same trimming. The dress has been bought by Woollands, Knightsbridge



The short dinner dress (*right*) of heavy pure silk satin is sleeveless and has a swathed hipline. The sash ends in deep silk fringes. This is one of the models from the Galitzine collection which can be bought at Harvey Nichols made to customers' own requirements

Russian-born Princess Irene Galitzine (*below*) started dress designing as a hobby and now has a private clientèle that includes Countess Crespi and Mrs. Henry Ford. She showed her first collection to an international audience in Florence last month and many of her models have been bought by Harvey Nichols for making up



Sunday Times



Princess Galitzine



The fringe motif is carried into a day two-piece (*right*) in white spotted navy silk. The dress has a white silk bodice and a fringe at hip-level made of silk *rouleaux*. The jacket when fastened gives the effect of a one-piece dress

Princess Irene used a fringed motif throughout her collection. The dress of orange silk (*right*) has an over-tunic made like that of a Roman centurion. The dress has been made by Susan Small and will be on sale at Woollands at the end of March. Price: about 21½ gns.



### *Evening line from Galitzine*

Princess Galitzine designs her couture collection strictly for her private clientele in Rome and international society. Most of her models cannot be reproduced inexpensively as there is too much detailed work to make it economically worthwhile for a wholesale manufacturer, but Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge are making some of the couture models and the whole of the Galitzine Boutique to customers' requirements (pictures will be published in a future issue). The evening dress (*above, left*) in lime silk jersey is a perfect

example of a model which can only be made successfully for an individual customer. The long, easy-fitting bodice swathed on the hip-line is repeated in the short dinner dress of black silk (*above, right*) in which deep silk fringing falls from an accentuated hip-line. Princess Irene, wife of wealthy Italian-Brazilian industrialist the Marchese Silvio de Medici, has a magnificent apartment in Rome and a villa on Capri. She started dressmaking 12 years ago but has only been designing her own couture collections in Rome for the last two years



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

*How to sport a new shape*

**L**ONDON just now is alive with amateur fencers, tennis players, skaters—and not all are playing for the love of the game. A regular dash of sport, they reckon, will help firm curves for summer. The way to go in for this sort of thing is to take an hour or two a week and spend it on casual or ordered exercise. Casual exercise can be taken any time, any day, by preferring to walk when you could taxi, and running upstairs when you could use the lift. Ordered exercise means making room in your life for a favourite sport or learning something new. Whichever way, a diet helps. Plan one with your doctor or try an unrigid routine of cutting all sugars and most starches. So for those who don't believe that exercise works up an appetite and makes you eat more than ever, here are some likeable sports, which taken in small or large doses may help put you into shape for summer. What is certain is that you'll be too late if you don't start now.

**RIDING:** taken regularly, recommended for trimming ankles and thighs. Rotten Row's the spot to make for, plus a mount from the nearby Knightsbridge Riding School in Jay Mews (KNI 8474). Open from early morning to dusk, the school gives lessons at 1 gn. an hour.

**SKATING:** a good morale-booster and a leg improver. Experts and others skate at Queen's Ice Skating Club for 3s. 6d. a session, 5s. for Wednesday evenings. First-timers are advised to take lessons to get their ice legs (from 5s. for 20 minutes) and can hire skates at 1s. 6d. a time. Gear is skating skirt or trousers, topped by a sweater.

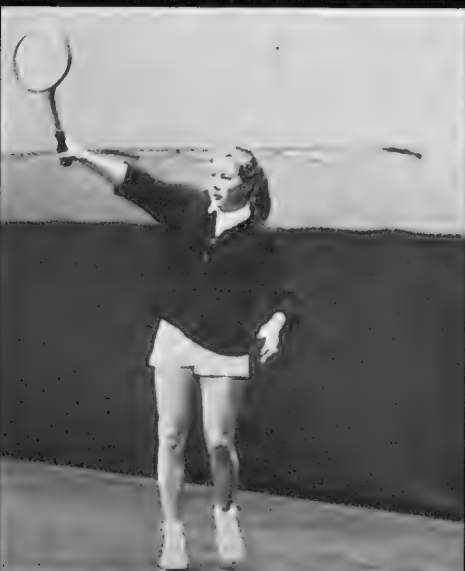
**SQUASH:** gets you on the move, and does things for the midriff, hips and legs. Players make for Dolphin Square where non-residents can have half an hour of this fast, lively game for 6s. There are changing rooms, showers, restaurant and a cocktail bar. You'll wear shorts, shirt and white rubber-soled shoes.

**FENCING:** tempting results are improved co-ordination and posture—but it takes time (two or three years) to become proficient. Enthusiasts flock to The London Fencing Club at 1a Tenterden Street, W.1 (WHI 6511). If you're on form, practice costs 8 gns. a year. Beginners have a lesson a day for 10 gns., two a week for eight.

**SWIMMING:** an all-round figure improver. A good place to go is the Lansdowne Club, Fitzmaurice Place, W.1.

**TENNIS:** makes for a tauter midriff, hips and firmer legs. You can play at Queen's, West Kensington, where membership for under-25s costs 7 gns. You need a proposer and seconder at the club. Three professionals are on tap for coaching.

**PASSIVE FORM** of active sport, if you can't face any of the foregoing, is offered by Slenderella, 172 New Bond Street (HYD 0951). It's a course of treatments—each one equal to three sets of tennis. You relax on a table which moves you smoothly back and forth, giving the benefits of exercise without exertion. A size-14 dress could be whittled down to fit comfortably into a 12, for the reshaping is measured in inches. And if you want to lose weight, too, there is a high-protein meal plan which allows three sensible meals a day. Along with new proportions in shape comes an improving posture and stimulated circulation. Treatments cost 15s. each and the first is complimentary.



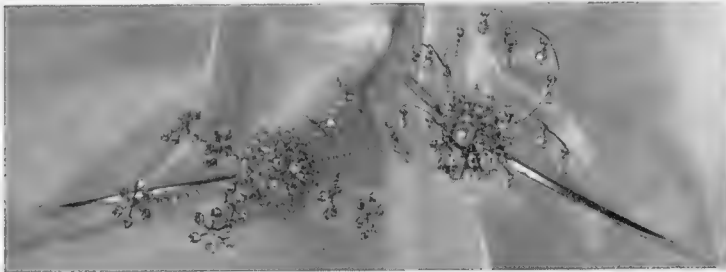
# COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

SMART CONVERSION from Victoriana: Black stove-enamelling and lacquered brass table lamp, once a telephone, has a plain black shade edged with gold. Conversion by Omso Trading Company who planned the mouthpiece switch—take it off the hook and the lamp lights up. Lamp: £10 15s., shade: 30s. from Dunhill of Duke Street and Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds



## Touches that tell . . .



DIADEMS for evening glitter or bridal splendour are new from Paris House. Your own hair covers the band ends. Left: delicate sprays of pearls and crystals reach outwards from a silver plate band: 6 gns. A curving fall of tremblant crystals and pearls is mounted on gold plate: 5 gns. Both from Paris House, 41 South Molton Street, W.1



CANE dog basket comes from the Courtleigh Kennels, at 47 Crawford Street, W.1, from 25s. The foam rubber blue covered cushion: 10s., leather collar & lead from a selection. Run by Mrs. Finch, this shop specializes in top breeds of toy puppies (other breeds can be obtained on request) and Siamese & Persian kittens. Puppies cost from 15 gns., kittens from 8. There is a dogs' Beauty Parlour

## Intelligence report

PROTECTION. The Woodworm and Dry Rot Centre has opened a new branch at 16 Dover Street. Part of the British Ratin Group, it answers domestic and industrial inquiries on pests at ten branches round the country. They arrange for a timber infestation surveyor to visit properties and, for a fee of 5 gns., a detailed report is given plus a quotation. If accepted, the original 5 gns. fee is waived and a 20-year guarantee for treated timber is given. As little mess as possible is made while work is in progress. Pest ridden furniture can be fumigated, and carries a 5-year guarantee. This service operates within a 20-mile radius of London and Leeds. Rentokil is recommended for home furniture protection (from 3s.). Dry Rot Fluid is advised for home use—from 18s. 6d. Both from hardware and department stores

PERFECTION in leather and suède cleaning is achieved by A. L. X. Leathercraft. All



AIRY pure silk French tulle floats from the white satin band of a head-dress for a spring bride, studded with a white satin cabbage rose at the back. Price: 12 or 15 gns., according to veil length, from Jenny Fischer, Motcomb Street. Miss Fischer insists on bridal headwear matching the dress and her designs are both smart and pretty. Prices, inclusive of veil, start at about 6½ gns. Bridesmaids' headwear costs from about 2½ gns.

NEW at Richard Ogden, Burlington Arcade, is the Wedding Ring Room. From his new and antique collection of 500 designs comes an 18-carat gold hexagonal ring: £12 10s., 9-carat gold band with a dulled rough middle: £7 10s., wide 18-carat gold carved band: £11 10s. and a ribbed 18-carat gold band: £19 10s. Rings can be made to customers' orders and current designs repeated in white gold or platinum. Richard Ogden also re-sizes rings on the spot

kinds of clothes and handbags can be posted to them at Coronation Works, Combden Road, E.11, or you can inquire by letter about your nearest store or dry cleaning shop who deal with them—estimates can also be given. Short suède jackets cost from 30s. to about £3 for a full-length grained leather coat—orders take about 14 days.

Suède cleaning is undertaken by the Sketchley Cleaners who do their own cleaning, so prices are reasonable. A full length suède or sheepskin coat costs 2 gns. (their top price) but they don't clean accessories such as gloves and belts. Available through all their branches, orders take between 10-12 days





Sunday afternoon at home in Suffolk is spent finishing the week's correspondence. Lady Albemarle (left) dictates to her secretary. At right: This heraldic design was done for an ancestor, an 18th-century ambassador to France

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN VINES



THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE, D.B.E., wife of the 9th Earl, conducts a busy public life of which her chairmanship of the committee on youth services was only a glimpse. She is chairman (and the first woman member in its 50-year-old history) of the Development Commission, which is concerned with strengthening the rural economy. She is an active vice-chairman of the British Council. She is a member of the University Grants Committee. She is a Life Trustee of the Carnegie U.K. Trust—and in her time she has been a rural district councillor, a wartime W.V.S. organizer, chairman of the Women's Institutes, and a member of the Arts Council. If this sounds like an organizing woman, again there is more on closer inspection. For the out-

*continued overleaf*

## THE PUBLIC LIFE OF A PRIVATE CAMPAIGNER

## THE PUBLIC LIFE OF A PRIVATE CAMPAIGNER *continued*

standing impression of meeting Lady Albemarle is of youthful activity. She is a campaigner, but in human causes—and she knows how to win her battles gracefully.

Of her committee's report on *Youth Services in England & Wales* (she is delighted with its reception) Lady Albemarle says: "I know of course that three-quarters of the work has still to be done. There is not yet one more youth-leader in the field, and not one more brick in a building." She is doing her own part. One day she will talk to an assembly of Chief Education Officers about the administrative tasks ahead. The next she may be lecturing to a body like the National Council of Women, stressing a point like this: "The fundamental thing is to get rid of adult prejudice against today's youth. Many adolescents come from overcrowded classrooms. They never had any social status and when they try to build it up in their own way we must first of all learn to understand them."

Later this month Lady Albermarle has another task to do with youth. She is giving a reception at the House of Lords for her husband's granddaughter, Miss Judith Keppel.



*Talking to Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education, who was guest of honour at a dinner given by the Chief Education Officers of England. Lady Albemarle had been lecturing to them in the afternoon*



*Lecturing to the National Council of Women, one of many bodies that Lady Albermarle addresses. Left: Discussing her report with Daniel Farson, who interviewed her for Commercial TV. She also appeared on BBC's "Press Conference"*





*Pottering in the greenhouse at Beacon Hill, the family house near Woodbridge, Lady Albemarle is accompanied (above, left) by Matilda, elder of her two dachshunds. For relaxation Lady Albemarle also loves to be read to—currently Turgenev—by her husband*



*Studying prints at the Soviet Book Exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall. Lady Albemarle acted as hostess at a reception given at the Dorchester by the British Council for Russian and British publishers in connection with the exhibition*



Left: The royal couple arrive for the ceremony at a village school in Attica. Families line up (below) for a word with King Paul



## PROIKODOTISIS *or a royal handout*

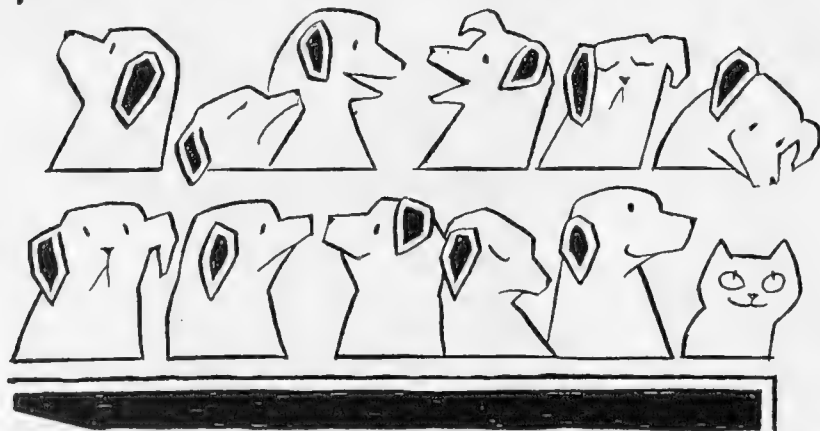


**K**ing Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece are lately back from a trip to Attica and the Peloponnese on which they gave away hundreds of savings books to future brides. The idea was instigated three years ago by Queen Frederika to help girls of poor families save for their dowry. Each savings book contains 1,000 drachmas (about £15) and is given to girls between the ages of one and five at the ceremony of *Proikodotisis*. The money is guaranteed against depreciation and cannot be drawn out until the girl marries. If she doesn't marry she can draw it when she's 40. Either way it will have increased substantially through the 8% interest. So far the royal couple have handed out more than 60,000 savings books. The funds come partly from their own fortune and partly through donations—Stavros Niarchos recently gave 85,000 dollars. Local representatives of the *Proikodotisis* committee choose the girls, but parents can apply to the committee for inclusion. The King and Queen are often accompanied on these excursions by their own three children.

*Queen Frederika, whose idea the whole thing was, is gratefully embraced by a peasant woman at one of the ceremonies*



*Savings books, labelled with each family's name, are checked before King  
Paul hands each one to the girls' parents. 450 books were presented*



H A R O



## VERDICTS

*The plays* **Girl On The Highway.** (Joan Miller, Brian Reece, Susan Burnet.)

**Inherit The Wind.** (Andrew Cruickshank, Henry McCarthy, Elizabeth Shepherd.)

*The films* **Conspiracy Of Hearts.** Director Ralph Thomas. (Lilli Palmer, Sylvia Syms, Yvonne Mitchell, Ronald Lewis.)

**All Quiet On The Western Front.** Director Lewis Milestone. (Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim.)

**The Story On Page One.** Director Clifford Odets. (Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa, Gig Young, Mildred Dunnoek.)

*The books* **Clean And Decent,** by Lawrence Wright (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30s.)

**The Other One,** by Colette (Secker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.)

**Paris And Prison,** by Casanova, translated by Arthur Machen (Paul Elek, 30s.)

*The records* **Solo Flight** by Russ Freeman & Richie Kamuca

**Double Play,** by Russ Freeman, André Previn & Shelly Manne

**Gone With The Wind,** by Dave Brubeck

**Moonlight In Vermont,** by Johnny Smith



### Anatomy of two trials

EVERY DAY REAL LIFE DRAMAS, tragedies and comedies are played out in courts of justice throughout the world, so it is not surprising that playwrights frequently turn to those courts for raw material. Indeed, it is only surprising that they do not do so even more often. Yet it would be foolish to imagine that because a trial creates a sensation in the newspapers its drama can be easily translated to the stage.

By a coincidence we were treated, on two consecutive first-nights recently, first to a terrible warning how disastrous a lack of skill and sensitivity in making such a translation from life to art can prove, and then to an outstanding example of what can result when imagination, intelligence and feeling are brought

to the writing and production of a play in this genre.

So far as I am aware Mr. Ernest Borneman's play lately at the Princes, **Girl On The Highway**, is not based upon any particular trial but I have no doubt analogies with the basis of its story could be found in the records of several Assize courts.

In the dock is a chauffeur accused of raping a 15-year-old girl who thumbed a lift in his employer's luxurious car. Although an unsavoury subject it is a legitimate one for the theatre. Everything depends upon how it is handled and here both the author and his director, Peter Cotes, must be found guilty on almost all counts.

From the start we know enough about the girl's bad character and the chauffeur's good one to realize that there is no need for us to feel suspense about the outcome. All that follows then is a procession of witnesses revealing to us piecemeal things that we either know or, if only we cared enough, could guess.

The girl has lied about her age, created a scene with the accused, torn her own clothes, scratched her own body and then made love with an American sailor, in order to foist a child she is already expecting upon the chauffeur, whom she believed to be the rich owner of the car he was driving.

Here is sensationalism of the most prurient type. But, as if this were not enough, the witnesses, who are drawn by the prosecutor into recounting these facts in all their lurid detail, were played as comic characters of varying shades from music hall to baronial hall. The

effect was nauseatingly grotesque.

Grotesque, too, was Miss Joan Miller's performance as the defence Q.C. reconstructing the alleged crime with appropriate screams and giving a preposterous caricature of Portia in a melodramatic final speech.

Significantly the only convincing performance was given by Brian Reece who, as the accused man, spent most of his time sitting silent in the dock.

It was not unexpected, therefore, that the play ran for only six days.

Everything about **Inherit The Wind**, by Americans Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, is to Mr. Borneman's play as Hamlet's hawk

to a handsaw. It soars way above the small world of forensic drama, where midget men quibble over intricacies of the artificial laws they have themselves made, to the realm of absolute human rights where enlightenment fights its eternal battle against ignorance.

The authors' immediate subject is the "monkey trial" in which, as late as 1924, a Tennessee school-teacher was found guilty of the crime of telling his pupils about Darwin's theory of evolution. The tremendous battle fought by the famous attorney Clarence Darrow, for the defence, against the powerful religious bigotry of the prosecutor, William Jennings Bryan, three



DO THEY RING A BELL? Agatha Christie aficionados will recognize a family resemblance in the scenes above. They are from Miss Christie's latest stage whodunit, **Go Back For Murder**, which opens at the Duchess Theatre on 23 March, joining **The Mousetrap** (seven years) still running, and succeeding **The Unexpected Guest** (two years). Left: Anthony Marlowe, Lisa Daniely, Margot Boyd, Ann Firbank. Right: Ann Firbank, Lisa Daniely



times candidate for the U.S. Presidency, raised the trial to a cause célèbre throughout the world.

As Darrow (called "Drummond" in the play), Andrew Cruickshank is exactly the "slouching bulk of a man, whose head juts out like an animal" that the dialogue describes. Almost miraculously he succeeds in evoking cunning and charity, passion and gentleness, righteousness and understanding, acid wit and kindly humour all at the same time.

Henry McCarthy, as his opponent, alternately pompous and blustering, cleverly contrives to retain a little of our sympathy while fighting like some deranged Atlas trying to hold up the world.

But though he claims that God is all on the prosecution's side the authors' do not make the mistake of putting wit all on the side of the defence. The result is a duel fought with verbal flick knives flashing and dazzling with their brilliance.

Inevitably the schoolmaster is forgotten during the duel. In the play, as in real life, he soon becomes just the flint from which the spark that started the blaze was struck. Even the journalist, gleefully using the case as an inkwell in which to dip his barbed pen, is much more important than he. And it is not long before the partisan spectators in the court realize this and turn their Bible-thumping hatred from the little heretic on trial to the far more powerful enemies now in their midst.

The seething mobility of Terence Kilburn's production, combined with the "round" presentation that is the Pembroke Theatre's peculiarity, made the feeling of participation in the drama so strong that members of the audience could barely restrain themselves from joining in.

After its successful staging at Croydon the play was eagerly bid for by West End interests, and will open at the St. Martin's on 16 March.



## You're tough? Well, see this

HARD ON THE HEELS OF M. ALAIN Resnais' soul-searing documentary, *Night And Fog*, comes Miss Betty Box's heart-rending feature film, *Conspiracy Of Hearts*. There is in both a clear determination to keep alive the memory of what Nazism meant to millions of innocent people in terms of tears and terror, suffering, deprivation and death.

Miss Box's contribution towards the pricking of the world's conscience will reach a wider audience than M. Resnais'—and I think it will show the young, who can scarcely be expected to remember what Hitler and his régime stood for, how vitally necessary it is that any revival of Nazism should be prevented at all costs. I warmly congratulate Miss Box on a service to humanity.

The story of the film is founded on fact. The action takes place in a convent in the Florentine hills in 1943—the year that saw Mussolini's downfall and the growth of antagonism between the disillusioned Italians and their sneering Nazi allies. Close by the convent is a camp where orphaned Jewish children are awaiting whatever

grim fate their German captors may dictate.

With the tacit connivance of the Italian major in charge (superbly played by Mr. Ronald Lewis), the nuns, at the instigation of the courageous and compassionate Mother Superior (Miss Lilli Palmer), have for some time been rescuing children from the camp and, helped by partisans, smuggling them out of the country.

A cold-blooded Nazi colonel (Mr. Albert Lieven—excellently arrogant and rigid) takes over as camp commandant. He does not, he says, condone the Nazi attitude to the wretched Jewish children—but they are prisoners and it is his duty to see that none escape. He need not soil his hands in the process—he has a brutal Nazi lieutenant (Mr. Peter Arne) to do his dirty work for him: and both of them can claim that they are only obeying orders. (M. Resnais' point that no Nazi admitted responsibility for his vile acts is effectively made once again.)

The nuns realize that if they are to continue their work of mercy, they must do so at the risk of their lives. They accept that risk—as do a local partisan (Mr. George Coulouris), a Catholic priest (Mr. Michael Goodliffe) and a Rabbi (Mr. David Kossoff) whom the nuns summon to the convent to give the children his blessing at the feast of the Passover. The price they have to pay when the colonel and his bully descend upon them is a dreadful one—but the outcome is a triumph for bravery, tolerance and the human spirit.

You cannot fail to be moved to tears by the pathetic Jewish children—especially the little girl (Rebecca Dignam) who tells a young novice (gentle Miss Sylvia Syms) that her name is "Jew-dog" and that "it is God's will that all Jew-dogs must die": "Don't tell Him I'm here," she pleads—and the novice struggles to hold back a sob. So, I think, will you.

*continued overleaf*



TRAGEDY COMES TO THE CONVENT: Top: Mother Katharine (Lilli Palmer), Col. Horsten (Albert Lieven), Major Spoletti (Ronald Lewis). Centre: Sister Mitya (Sylvia Syms) & Anna (Rebecca Dignam). Above: Lt. Schmit (Peter Arne) & Major Spoletti



BEGIN YOUR LANCÔME CARE YOUNG  
...TO REMAIN VERY LOVELY

FRAICHEUR with water, will cleanse  
and clear.

NUTRIX ensures your skin beauty

HARMONIE for a daytime magnolia  
finish to your skin

# LANCÔME

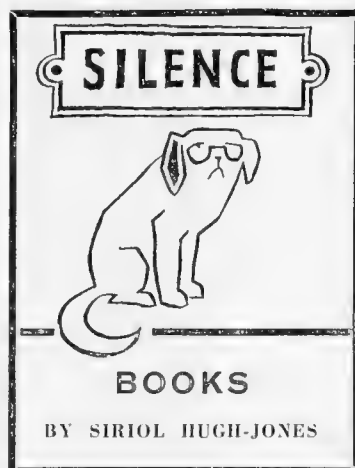
With the exception of Miss Yvonne Mitchell, still and smouldering as a disapproving sister, the nuns seemed to me (as actresses in the habit of nuns often do) rather too fluttery and emotional—but, after all, I remind myself, they are supposed to be Italians, who are less restrained than we are in gesture and in expressing their feelings. You must, in any case, make a point of seeing this exceptionally poignant film. You will find it a memorable experience.

It is 30 years since *All Quiet On The Western Front* was made. It remains the greatest anti-war film of all time. Directed with genius by Mr. Lewis Milestone, this epic of World War One is as enthralling today as it was when I first saw it. One marvels again at the brilliance with which Mr. Milestone has handled the ebb and flow of the tide of battle—at the penetration and sympathy with which he presents the baffled individual caught up in it and at the irony, still valid, with which the theme is tinged.

Among the soldiers who were to die in World War One the same question arose as will be asked (if we can believe the recent *On The Beach*) in World War Three: "Who started it—and why?" The performances of Mr. Lew Ayres, as the young German boy who believed the battlefield to be a field of glory, and Mr. Louis Wolheim, as the battered veteran who has long known it is only a sort of Hell, are remarkably fine. You may have seen two other, more closely contemporary, films of Mr. Milestone's—*A Walk In The Sun* (World War Two, in France) and *Pork Chop Hill* (the Korean war)—both anti-war pictures of outstanding merit. I persist in thinking *All Quiet* is his masterpiece—the film that says best what he wants to say on the subject dearest to his heart.

In *The Story On Page One*, Miss Rita Hayworth, stripped of all glamour, and Mr. Gig Young, looking amiable but not too bright, are charged in a Los Angeles court with murder. Mr. Anthony Franciosa, who undertakes Miss Hayworth's defence, gloomily tells her mother it doesn't matter whether the two are in fact innocent or guilty of deliberately bumping off Miss Hayworth's unpleasant husband—the District Attorney is out to send them to "the death house" and has squads and platoons of ruthless and expert cross-examiners to help him do it. If this is how justice is administered over there, surely there's something rotten in the state of Democracy.

The court scenes degenerate into a degrading slanging-match—with not a hair to choose between prosecution and defence—and one way and another this is a fairly depressing piece.



## Drains through the ages

NOTHING IN HISTORY IS MORE enthralling than the sort of trivia with which the tiny sad minds of women are said to be constantly preoccupied: how far to lift or drop a hem, how to spin out the house-keeping allowance, whether to whitewash or wallpaper the dungeon, how to get in touch with the plumber *quickly*. For some wholly mysterious reason it is reassuring and delightful, rather than dispiriting, to find that the more it changes, the more it is exactly the same thing as in the 13th century.

At least there has been a sensational improvement in the plumbing. At last a book has been published—*Clean & Decent*, in which Lawrence Wright relates the history of the bathroom and the W.C. without preciousness, coy or abominably hearty jokes, or any sort of cloacal snigger whatsoever.

This absolutely enthralling book covers the ground with a sort of cheerful thoroughness, providing

information on superb Art Nouveau closets, commodes disguised as a pile of books, communal baths, the beginning of soap, and the duchesses at the court of Louis XIV who bathed in the Seine (they poured in boiling water, and sometimes staggered home with severe burns.)

Anyone who doubts that *Drains Through the Ages* can be the most fascinating reading of the week must study this book closely. It is also crammed with the liveliest illustrations, including many of those medieval wood-cuts which show enchanting girls without a thought in their heads sitting starkly in wooden bathtubs with precisely the same expression of remote calm you sometimes see on the faces peering over boxes at the opera.

Very late, I have been reading a suitable book for a bleak March, as it is full of blazing fires, most of them hellish. *Deals With The Devil* is a marvellous anthology of short stories, collected by Basil Davenport, all based on the old theme of making a bargain with Satan. Some of them are classics, like *Enoch Soames* and *The Devil & Daniel Webster*. Some are funny, all have the charm of crossword puzzles, and some are genuinely alarming.

To my great joy I find that even those up-to-date fellows, the writers of science fiction, are old-fashioned enough to find the aged fiend still irresistible. Until now I have found all SF unreadable, but some of these stories have a horrid way of sticking around in the mind. This is a first-class theme for an anthology, and I heartily recommend the book to anyone toying with a small take-over bid in the matter of souls.

The Secker & Warburg edition of Colette's works has by now run through the best-known and is coming up with short novels that are not perhaps as perfect as *Gigi* and *Chéri*, but have a magic that is quite special. For me, at any rate, some of their charm lies in the fact that they are Colette's own particular personal long-short-story length, light, pleasing, unostentatious, and digestible as a perfect small supper. *The Other One*, translated by Elizabeth Tait and Roger Senhouse, is a tenderly malicious little story about a successful playwright (an endearing monster of kindly egocentricity), his young wife, and his secretary. Love, friendship, jealousy, and the strangest kind of watchful female alliance formed out of initial antagonism, erupt here quietly through a delicious summer.

The whole thing is a miracle of economy; it is funny, catty and kindly, and as usual Colette's delectable trick is to appear to attach as much importance to a dress or a make-up as to the moment when love is betrayed.

This is a most subtle little book, disguised as something as simple and artless as a glass of milk. Colette thought it was one of her best novels, which proves that a writer is not always the worst judge of her own work.

Somewhere, somehow, if Casanova had not been a man of such prodigious sexual success, he might have turned into a jolly writer of gossipy travelogues. For those who have the energy to pursue him through the long, long battle on couch after couch, in alcove after alcove, with nuns and forward 14-year-olds and anyone else who happened to be passing, the second volume of his memoirs—*Paris & Prison*—is translated by Arthur Machen.

At some point the indefatigable great lover, in a rare moment of restraint, says he will not re-catalogue the blissful incidents of one particular evening lest the reader may suffer a slight sensation of tedium, at which I raised a small hopeful cheer. On the cover he appears in profile with one blazing scarlet eye, which in view of so much sleeplessness one can well understand.



## Stand by for Ella at Festival Hall

WHEN NORMAN GRANZ'S WELL TRIED formula, *Jazz at the Philharmonic*, opens at the Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, the familiar figure of that veteran show stopper, Ella Fitzgerald, will be the chief attraction. Another regular visitor will be Roy Eldridge, the trumpeter who influenced Dizzy Gillespie more than any other man. Forty-nine year old Roy has been prominent in the jazz field for many years, first with Teddy Hill's band in New York in the mid-30s. Since then he has led his own group, been featured as a soloist in the big bands of Gene Krupa and Artie Shaw, and worked and recorded consistently with the *Jazz at the Philharmonic* show.

The new faces in this latest pack-  
continued on page 406



SELF-PORTRAIT by John Bratby, A.R.A., whose novel, *Breakdown*, the study of an artist's disintegration, will be published by Hutchinson next week. Bratby, 32, has works in many galleries including the Tate, and New York's Museum of Modern Art





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VERDICTS *continued*

age show from America form an interesting cross-section of the current jazz scene. The renowned Shelly Manne will lead his Men (featuring pianist Russ Freeman and tenor-man Richie Kamuca) from behind his drum-set. Both Freeman and Kamuca can be heard on **Solo flight** (LAE12106) and Freeman again on some energetic duets with André Previn and Manne on **Double play** (SCA5004). Mr. Manne is best known for his style-setting lead in the early Kenton band, and for his more recent sessions with his own group (their *My Fair Lady* and *Gigi* albums put jazz into the best-selling disc lists).

Jimmy Giuffre (LTZ-K15137) is a clarinetist of the new school, uninfluenced by Goodman, which is rare. He leads a trio, whose line-up at the time of writing is not settled. Guitarist Johnny Smith has made several interesting albums (LAE-12189), and is likely to be heard in a four-piece group including a vibraphone. His modern stylings are characteristic, for self-taught Johnny tunes his guitar in an unusual way, making it sound more like a piano.

Leaving the visitors, I must report on the activities of a leading tenor-player of progressive tendencies, John Coltrane. With the Red Garland Trio (32-091) he presents an album of exhilarating but busy solos, immensely fast passages contrasting with moody searching music. To a large extent the same criticism applies to his earlier Esquire album (32-079). The session is dominated by some curiously angular unison passages where Coltrane joins forces with baritonist Sahib Shihab, but I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that Coltrane himself is trying to say far too much, and losing the impact of his message by so doing.

One of these days someone is going to write about the importance of being Dave Brubeck. Whoever does it will have to have a greater gift of expression than I have, for I can find little to enthuse about in his dry, humourless music. It is so madly competent that it annoys me as much as those well-made beds you find in hospitals. Jazz doesn't lend itself to this sort of treatment, even though Paul Desmond's alto voice tries to introduce a semblance of warmth.

Their latest (TFL5071) is called **Gone with the wind**, and consists of fairly standard material, from *Georgia on my mind* to *Short'nin' bread*. The nimble sticks and brushes of Joe Morello are the high spot of this slick album. His Newport 1958 album and the one about Eurasia have both been reissued in stereo form on Fontana (STFL501/508). Brubeck's music is ideal for the drawing-room, but in my view it falls short of being true jazz.



## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

WHEN IS A CHEST OF DRAWERS NOT A CHEST of drawers? *A:* When it's a commode. Which raises the second question. What is a commode? The word after all is only the French for useful but in the world of antiques it denotes a low cupboard or chest of drawers (not the bedroom kind) that is given pride of place in hall, drawing-room or boudoir.

Commodes may be straight, bow or serpentine fronted but will invariably be opulently or elegantly decorated, perhaps lacquered and ormolu mounted or elaborately inlaid with marquetry. At its simplest, the commode is cross-banded in colourful contrasting wood, but it is always an important piece of furniture, placed to display its magnificence and is seldom required merely to be "useful."

The commode naturally originated in France, and the creations of the great 18th century *Maitres Ebénistes* are wonderful to behold. The finest examples can be seen in the Wallace Collection in London or in the

Rothschild Collection at Waddesdon near Aylesbury. But these were designed for royal palaces and for an English home the English adaptation of the French is usually more suitable. But here again the magnificent commodes designed by Robert Adam and built by Thomas Chippendale the Younger (see them at Harewood) are for a state *salon*, rather than a sitting-room. For smaller rooms and shallower pockets the more modest designs of Hepplewhite and Sheraton, made for the up-and-coming middle classes of the late 18th century, are more appropriate.

The example (*above*) has several delightful and elegant features. Note particularly the small proportions, the serpentine shaping, the cross banding in tulipwood, the engraved pewter back plates to the handles and the canted corners, splay feet and shaped skirting finished in satinwood to contrast with the mellow mahogany of the whole.

It would grace any drawing-room, and would, I think, resent being referred to as a "chest of drawers."





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The N.S.U. Prinz car with the revolutionary new Wankel engine. Dr. Froede, who developed the engine, prepares to ride as passenger with Gordon Wilkins (*right*)

## MOTORING

# The cake tin engine

by GORDON WILKINS

IF YOU ARE A MILLIONAIRE AND YOU want to go somewhere in a hurry, you don't ring for a taxi; you ring for a Viscount. It is a habit for which I had cause to be grateful a few days ago when I wanted to get to Stuttgart in a hurry. There is no direct plane service from London, but Mr. Tony Vandervell, bearing manufacturer and owner of the Vanwall racing team, had chartered a plane to take his technical staff out for a conference with one of Germany's leading car manufacturers, and kindly offered me a lift.

This was just one example of the way in which Britain's technical advice is being sought by foreign car manufacturers. It is a process which has been accelerated lately, because Britain's successes in motor racing have increased Continental regard for our engineering in a way which few people at home appreciate. That is one of the intangible benefits of motor racing. If you want more direct examples, Mr. Vandervell showed an engine bearing in a new alloy which he is now offering to car manufacturers, and which has already proved itself triumphantly in the Vanwall racing engines.

From Stuttgart I drove down the snow-covered Neckar Valley to Neckarsulm, where N.S.U. have their factory, building cars, scooters, motor bikes and mopeds. I was hoping to be one of the first press men to drive a car fitted with the revolutionary new N.S.U.-Wankel engine. Invented by Professor Fritz Wankel, a 56-year-old engineering genius who is largely self-taught, it has been developed by N.S.U. into practical form and caused a world-wide sensation when the first details were revealed last December because it could make the

piston engine as obsolete as the antimacassar if it fulfils its early promise.

Dr. Froede, N.S.U.'s chief development engineer met me in a little N.S.U. Prinz saloon which normally has a two-cylinder air-cooled engine mounted at the rear, but from the moment he turned the key to work the starter it was obvious that this was something entirely different. The engine was utterly smooth, turning over like an electric motor, with no trace of vibration. Only the sound of the exhaust at quite a normal noise level indicated that it was running.

We sped away, accelerating up through the gears, and looking over the instrument panel I was astonished to see that the engine was running up to twice the revolutions one would use with a normal engine, without any of the fuss and thrashing noises we get when piston engines are revving fast. In top the car went smoothly up to about 70 m.p.h., with acceleration a little better than that of the normal Prinz.

When we reached the company's private test track, well away from prying eyes, Dr. Froede lifted the rear bonnet to let me see the new engine. It was only a 250 c.c. unit, but it develops nearly 40 horsepower, about as much as a four-cylinder 1,100 c.c. piston engine in a current car. The whole engine is contained in a little drum-shaped casing, about as big as a medium-sized cake tin, which was dwarfed by the dynamo, radiator, water pump and other accessories.

Whirling round inside the casing is a little three-pointed rotor which sucks in mixture from the carburet-

ter, compresses it, and is driven round by the burning gas when the sparking plug fires. There are only two moving parts, the rotor and the drive shaft, and only one sparking plug. The engine weighs about a quarter as much as a conventional engine and takes up about one-fifth of the space. Dr. Froede told me that the parts are no more difficult to make than those of our present engines, and if produced in similar quantities the Wankel engine would probably cost far less.

Petrol consumption is already comparable with that of a conventional engine. The little Prinz saloon I drove was doing 60 m.p.g. at a steady 30 m.p.h. and about 36 m.p.g. at a steady 60 m.p.h. and it doesn't care about the quality of the fuel; it runs quite happily on fuel inferior to the cheapest commercial grade now on the market. What, then are we waiting for?

I found part of the answer when I drove the car round the test track. At present it is far less flexible than a normal car engine. There is not much power at low revs, and one has to drive it as one would a sports car, changing gear fairly frequently and keeping the revs up. The experimental car I tried had an oil cooler taken from a Volkswagen and a water radiator taken from a Fiat 600. N.S.U. hope to eliminate the water and the radiator by using an air cooled casing but this will take time.

Finally, the engines at present running are expensive prototypes most carefully made and fitted together. They have given extremely promising results on the test bed and on the road, but it will take time to find out how engines made of

cheaper materials and put together at production line speed will stand up to years of use in the hands of ordinary motorists.

The best omens for a successful solution lie in the extraordinary speed of progress so far. The idea of a rotary piston is quite an old one and dozens of inventors have tried it, but no one succeeded in making it work. Professor Wankel was only one of many until Christmas night 1953, when having eaten rather a lot of rich marzipan cake, he lay awake for hours with indigestion. During those night hours he hit on the mathematical basis which produced a workable shape for the rotor and the casing. N.S.U., who were already using his advice in the development of piston engines, at once saw that he had found a way of solving problems which had baffled other inventors and they got to work on designs for the rotary piston unit soon afterwards. There is still a good deal to do, and it may be a few years yet before we see these remarkable little engines running in cars, but for industrial and marine uses, where flexibility is not so important, they could come quite quickly. Indeed Curtiss Wright, the American corporation which has taken up the licence, is talking of putting a big 160 h.p. engine suitable for boats into production within a year. We shall soon see.

I must admit that many engineers, familiar with the disappointing history of previous projects of this kind, remain sceptical. I think a visit to Neckarsulm might change their views and I am glad to hear that at least one major British motor manufacturer is keeping a close eye on developments.



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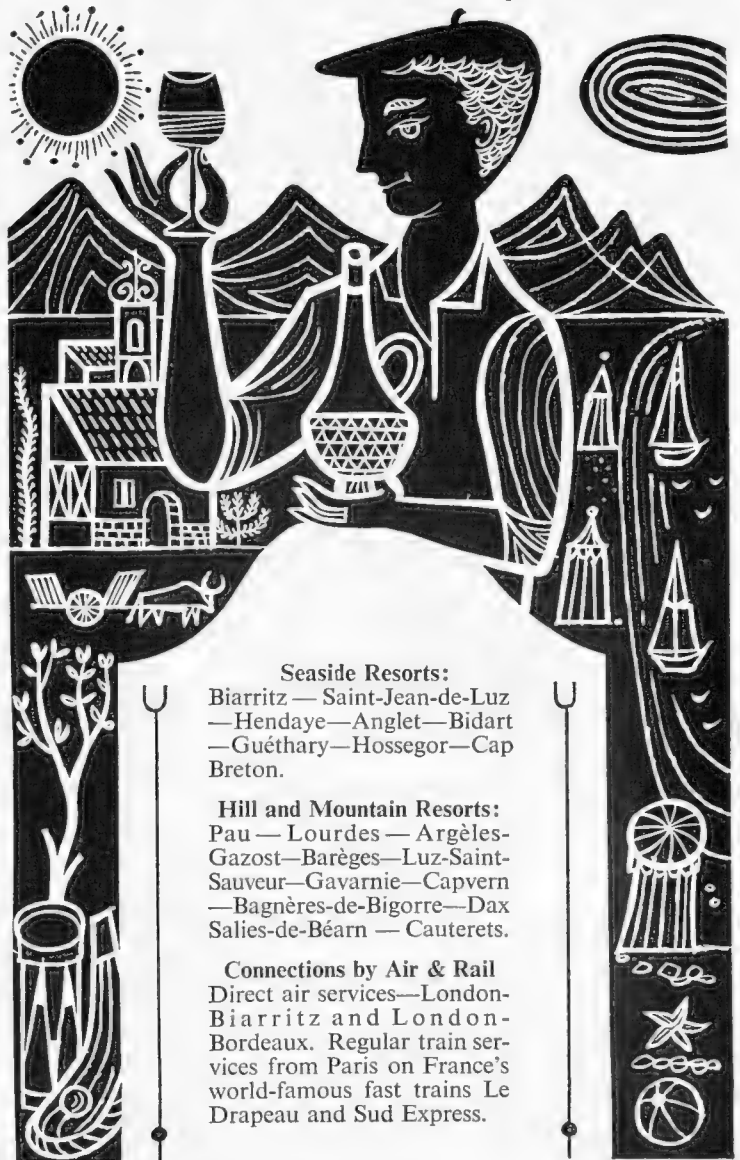
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## DINING IN

## Salmon secrets

by HELEN BURKE

MANY OF US LOOK FORWARD eagerly to spring and summer fish, because it is the best-textured and best-flavoured in the world. Salmon is already in the fishmongers' shops—a little high-priced perhaps, but not to be resisted when we see those creamy layers of fat between the flakes of a cut slice. In any case I felt that the sheer pleasure of tasting the first salmon run of the year was worth 18s. a pound.

I grill my salmon steaks not on the grid but in the bottom of the grill pan. First the pan is thoroughly heated, then a big lump of butter is added to it. When this is melted the steaks are placed in it and immediately turned, so that both sides are

coated with butter. The steaks are then sprinkled with pepper, salt and a little flour and grilled under a fairly high heat on one side only. The heat of the grill pan helps to cook the steaks on their undersides. If they are grilled on both sides it is ten to one that they will be overcooked.

When the centre bones can be removed easily, the steaks are done.

*Sauce Bercy* is the recommended sauce to serve with salmon steaks but that entails the making of a fish *fumet*, not always practicable in the home kitchen. In its place, therefore, I suggest *Sauce Hollandaise* or one of two butters—*Maitre d'Hôtel* and *Anchovy*, both of which are easy to make. For the former I prefer a soft butter—that is, one which has been kept for some time in a warm place where it will soften without losing its shape. Cream it, then beat it well with a little lemon juice and some chopped parsley, and pass it separately in a sauce-boat with a spoon.

For the Anchovy Butter, pound 2 oz. salted anchovies in a mortar. Add 3 to 4 oz. butter and cream them together. Rub through a sieve.

The following egg and smoked haddock dish is an adaptation of a much richer one I once enjoyed in the south of France. It is also much less expensive.

For four servings, well wash a

good-sized breakfastcup of long-grained rice. Cover it with water rising about 3 inches above it, bring to the boil and boil for 8 to 9 minutes. Drain, rinse well in running hot water and drain again.

Meanwhile, hard-boil 6 eggs, then shell and halve them. Also wash a  $\frac{1}{2}$ - to  $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. smoked haddock, cover it with cold milk and bring it slowly to the boil. Remove and flake the fish, saving the milk stock. Remove the egg yolks, too, and mash them.

Add the flaked fish to the egg yolks and beat them well together. Bind the mixture with a tablespoon of the following white sauce: Simmer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. flour in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. butter without colouring it. Remove from the heat and add  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint milk stock. Return to the heat and stir while the sauce comes to the boil. Add enough top milk cream to make a medium-thick sauce and bring to the boil again. After using a little of this sauce to bind the fish and yolks, add up to 2 oz. grated cheese to the remainder.

Taste the fish and yolk mixture and season it to your liking. A few grains of Cayenne pepper add piquancy. It is unlikely that any salt will be required.

Fill the egg whites with the fish mixture, piling and doming it up to the original whole egg shape.

Chop the contents of a small can of sweet red peppers (pimentos)

into small pieces and add them to the rice, then place it in a well-buttered heatproof dish just large enough to take the 12 "eggs" side by side. Place them well down in the rice with only the stuffed parts above it. Pour the cheese sauce over them and place under a moderately slow grill to heat through and colour a little.

This, with a side-plate green salad, is a pleasant main course.

I call my next dish *Pommes de Terre Lucille* because a friend, so named, served them for lunch one day and claimed that they were her own creation!

For four servings, bake 4 large nice oval-shaped potatoes. Cut off a slice, lengthwise, about a quarter way down each and scoop out the "flesh." Beat it into pulp with a nice knob of butter and an egg yolk. Poach 16 frozen Dublin Bay prawns in milk to cover them. Drain off the prawn stock and make a white sauce with it and 1 oz. each butter and flour, as above. Add to it cooked, thinly sliced mushrooms and the cooked prawns, cut into not-too-small pieces. Season all to taste. Place in the scooped-out potato "shells." Heap the whipped potatoes on top, sprinkle with chopped blanched almonds and bake in the oven at 425 to 450 degrees Fahr., or gas mark 7 to 8, until both the almonds and the potatoes take on a golden tone.

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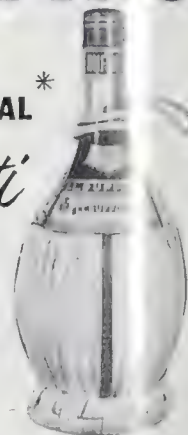
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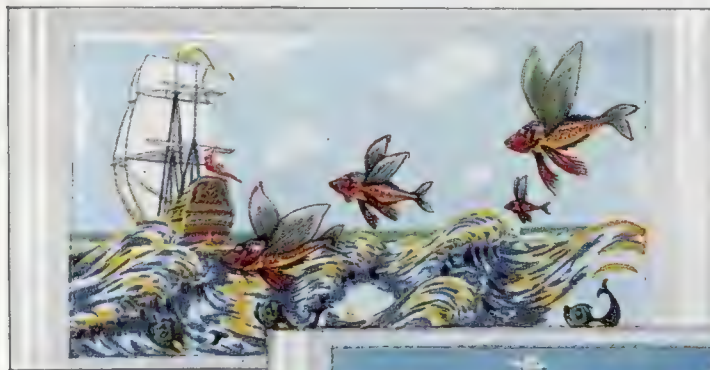
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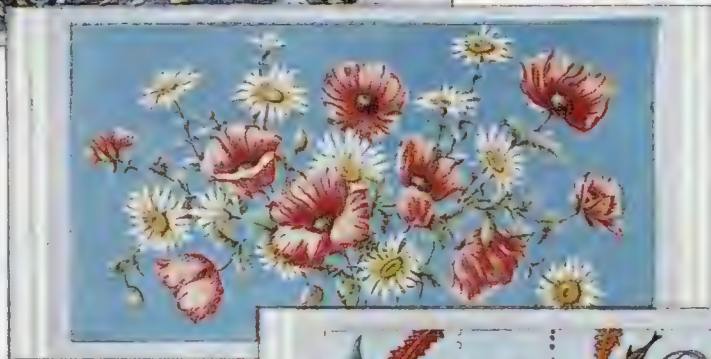


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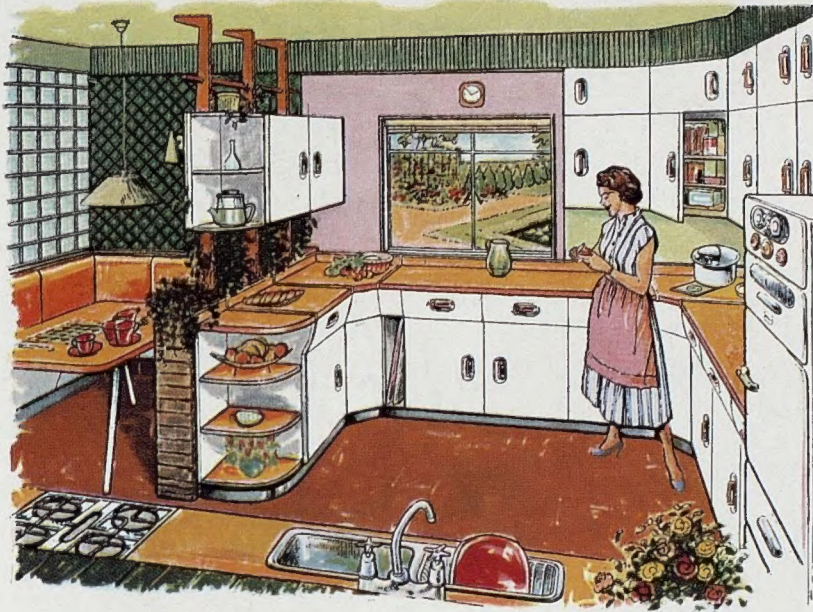


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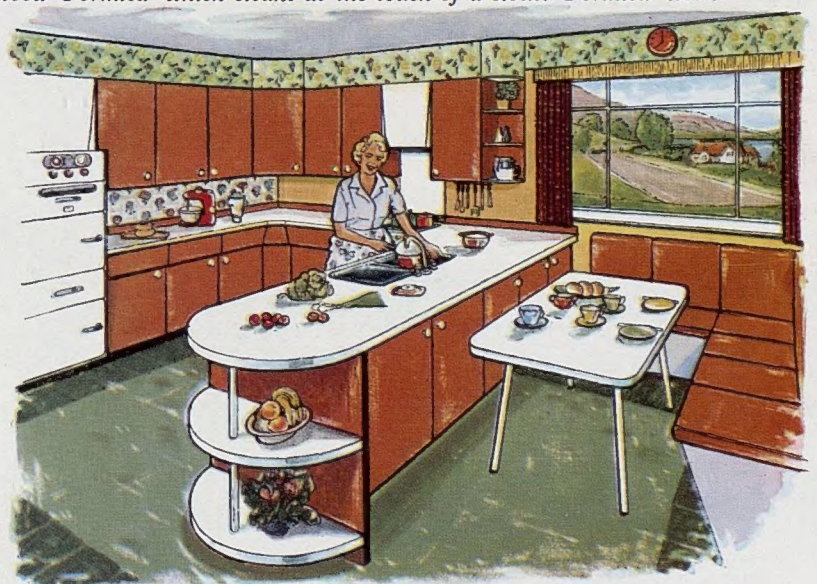
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